KLEE'S DIARIES: A. Hyatt Mayor

THE NATION

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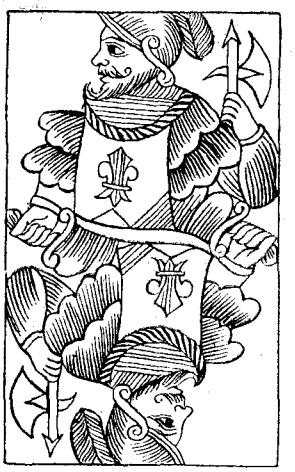

NATO TODAY

The Great Poker Game

Alexander Werth

CALIFORNIA

The Earthquake Taboo

David Cort

ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The Obsolete Filter

Donald A. Meyer

Max Nathan, Jr.

SOS from the Merchant Marine

Desmond Smith

How Nations Drink

PUZZLE OF ALCOHOLISM . . . M. E. Chafetz, M.D.

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LETTERS

The new Baconians

San Jose, Calif.

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* (Nov. 2) has all but dissipated the esteem with which I formerly viewed the magazine. . . . Herbert L. Packer's article, "The Warren Report," was simply sickening. . . . I do hope that *The Nation* will not fall to such low depths on topics of such importance in the future.

Gordon B. Willson

New York City

Dear Sirs: As one who is saddened *and* surprised by the sanctimonious endorsement that *The Nation* has given to the Warren Report, I find a new definition for my skepticism in Mr. Packer's article—"die-hard revisionist." My lingering doubts about the Dallas tragedy just won't die! *Rodger Larson*

La Crescenta, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I regard your issue featuring the article on the Warren Report as one of the worst things you have ever done. You smear liberals and fail to examine evidence obtained by "amateur private eyes." I have been a long-time subscriber, but one more smear issue and I am through. *William Kizner*

Translation trap

Paris, France

Dear Sirs: In these days when every teen-ager (at least in England) can buy *Lady Chatterley*, I am not easily shocked. Even so, when I found Robert Creeley quoting the following in all seriousness as poetry by Andrei Voznesensky ("The Beat Voznesensky," *The Nation*, Nov. 9), I rubbed my eyes:

Rolls-Royces are fucking our women.
radiatoractivity. . . .

This purports to be a translation of the end of the passage in Voznesensky which, literally, says this:

Naked we dive into the water,
But the rivers run dry, or else
The fish die in the seas. . . .
And women give birth to Rolls-Royces.
Radiation!

There is nothing here about "fucking," and while "radiatoractivity" may be a frightfully funny pun, Hollo's version is a shocking distortion of both the text and the thought of Voznesensky's lines. The Russian poet is (in this poem, as in so many others) clearly obsessed with the atom bomb and with *radiation* which gives birth to monsters. These, the Rolls-Royces, do *nothing* beyond being born, and to assign a role to a harmless automobile radiator is to distort the poem out of all recognition for the sake of a cheap verbal juggle, and for an even cheaper four-letter-word effect. I think Bernard Koten's criticism of Hollo not nearly strong enough. *Alexander Werth*

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Robert Creeley's review contains as good an example as any of those cited by Professor Koten (in another article of the same issue) of the difficulties of reviewing poetry in translation. The passage as quoted by Mr. Creeley is:

. . . I love Lorca. I love his name, hovering lightly like a boat, humming like a gallery in a theatre, vibrating with the sensitivity of the moon-disk of a radio relay station; smelling as bitter and intense as orange rind. . . .

On the evidence of the translation into English, Mr. Creeley is led to speak of ". . . the intensity with which [Voznesensky] invests his metaphors. . . ." However, translating a few key words back into Russian, one would probably get something like

. . . I love Lorca. I love his name hovering like lódka, *humming like* galyórka, *vibrating with the sensitivity of* lunaya árka, *smelling as bitter and intense as orange* kórka. . . .

What now appears is not "wildly sprouting metaphor," but a whimsical play on words. *Marcia G. Rucker*

SPU

New York City

Dear Sirs: The Student Peace Union, one of the country's largest progressive student organizations, has been reorganized with headquarters now in New York City, the center of SPU's largest region.

Closed down in Chicago by a June convention because of a temporary financial strain and lack of adequate personnel, the SPU national office was re-established at a convention held in New York the Columbus Day weekend.

The SPU maintains its traditional broad-based peace position and continues to require of members only that they agree with the Statement of Purpose "that neither war nor the threat of war can any longer be successfully used to settle international disputes," and that while acting "independently of both East and West . . . the SPU works toward a society which will ensure both peace and freedom and suffer no individual or group to be exploited by another."

We urge all students who wish to join or remain affiliated with the Student Peace Union to communicate with the new national office at 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10007. *Roget Lockard*
National Chairman

THE NATION

Monday, November 30, 1964
Volume 199, No. 17

In this issue

EDITORIALS
393

ARTICLES
396 Electoral College: The Obsolete Filter *Donald A. Meyer* and *Max Nathan, Jr.*
399 NATO Today: The Great Poker Game *Alexander Werth*
401 How Nations Drink: The Puzzle of Alcoholism *M. E. Chafetz, M.D.*
404 California Plays Ostrich: The Earthquake Taboo *David Cort*
406 SOS from the Merchant Marine *Desmond Smith*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
409 Death's Darkest Feast *George G. Kirstein*
409 The Spell (poem) *William Burford*
411 From the Inferno *Jerry Richard*
412 The Facts of Life *Stanley* and *Alexandra Milgram*
413 Poetry: *Richard Duerden, Michael J. Phillips, Allen Planz, A. B. Spellman*
414 The Swiss Behind the Colors *A. Hyatt Mayor*
415 Theatre *Harold Clurman*
417 Art *Max Kozloff*
420 Films *Robert Hatch*
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 420) *Frank W. Lewis*

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Goldwater's Bombshell

From Montego Bay, Senator Goldwater tossed a bombshell into the political arena by suggesting that "the time has come to choose up two new teams," that is, to realign the parties, one "liberal" and one "conservative." If he had proposed that the GOP repudiate Abraham Lincoln as one of its founders, he could hardly have provoked greater consternation among the liberal-moderates of the party. Henry Cabot Lodge, for example, found the proposal to be "totally abhorrent"; other liberal-moderates, joined by their allies among the columnists, swelled the chorus of outrage.

Senator Goldwater, of course, mistakenly identifies his position as "conservative"; it is nothing of the sort. The President's "consensus liberalism" is much closer to what could be regarded as a modern American conservatism. Nevertheless, the eccentric "titular" leader of the GOP is essentially right about the need for realignment. By a clever historical sleight of hand, his critics identify "consensus" as the key factor in the American political system; through it we avoid "the politics of extremism" and manage to subordinate factions. But the existing consensus is of much more recent vintage than Senator Goldwater's critics are willing to admit. The great figures in our political tradition—Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, the two Roosevelts, Wilson—were men who held firm convictions, fought for them, and would not have understood or accepted the suggestion that they were somehow committed to a bipartisan "consensus" on major issues.

The existing consensus developed as an aspect of the so-called bipartisan foreign policy which emerged after World War II. For the first time, foreign policy became the dominant issue and, in a period of great tension, the plea for "unity" prevailed. The consensus the liberal-moderates are so eager to preserve is a bipartisan determination to carry on the cold war. A subsidiary but closely related consideration is the fact that we have, in the same period, evolved a managed economy based on a high level of military spending. To the various elites, it is important that there should be continuity in management policies. The stakes are too high to permit any tinkering with the basic model.

Whatever force these considerations may have had in the past, they are not of overriding importance today. On the contrary, the pious cant about the need for "consensus" undercuts the relevance and vitality of our politics. In the foreign field, we need new policies, new orientations, new perspectives. Through political discussion and debate, we need to determine what our position should be; what kind of world it is we want to help fashion; and how to relate programs to these objectives. The consensus we need is one that would follow—one hopes—in the wake of such a discussion. Similarly on the domestic scene, we need to discuss new "management" problems. Now that we have an acknowledged five-to-one, or larger, nuclear superiority, why shouldn't the military budget be substantially cut and the spending shifted to other sectors of the economy? Shouldn't we place more emphasis on "social wealth" and less on private affluence? How do we propose to cope with hard-core unemployment and with automation? Not only is there no "consensus" on these matters: the carry-over consensus of the immediate post-World War II period prevents us from focusing on them. The political dialogue does not develop out of a consensus; it starts with problems—with new realities—and proceeds to the kind of consensus an election achieves.

Mr. Lippmann suavely assures us that "extremism" is abhorrent—somehow un-American—because it rests "on a belief that some conflict within a society is irreconcilable." But some of these conflicts *are* irreconcilable—not in the sense that citizens must arm themselves, choose sides and shoot it out, but in the deeply traditional sense that some disagreements must be fought to conclusions, by political means. We are told that this would mean that the "winners" would take all and the "losers" would be excluded. Is that what happens in politics? Goldwater made his bid for power and lost; ideas do have consequences. But he has not been excluded; he has simply been defeated. He can, if he wishes, retire to the Arizona desert, meditate, regroup his forces and try again. But do the liberal-moderates really believe that they can "compromise" their differences with him? Do they really believe that the party of Lincoln can accept any part of his position on civil rights?

To be sure, there is a limited sense in which American politics is based on a consensus; American voters —conservatives, liberals and radicals—have the same ideological antecedents: the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. But this is a consensus about political values, not about policies and programs. If the liberal-moderates are to stage a comeback, let them reject the liberal consensus on cold-war policies and cold-war economics and present new options in both fields specifically addressed to new realities. The need is great and in politics need is the mother of opportunity.

Screwball Insistence

Arthur Krock, perhaps the most conservative high-level member of *The New York Times* staff, has recently remarked on "the mystery of the dogged insistence" by the United States Government on the multilateral nuclear surface fleet. The more our allies—West Germany excepted, of course—shy away from it, the more our State Department cajoles and threatens, as if the survival of the West actually hinged on this redundant

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and misshapen scheme. Nevertheless, just as the conversation in a psychopathic ward, though irrational, is not meaningless, there is a reason behind the State Department's MLF obsession, and Sen. Wayne Morse put his finger on it in a recent address before the Oregon Cattlemen's Association. Said Morse: "It has become a habit of mind of our policymakers that when in doubt, undertake a military venture."

Especially when the doubt is of political origin and the State Department lacks a political solution, is there a fevered casting about for a military distraction which, if it does nothing else, will keep the cold war going a while longer. The Soviet menace was always fantastically exaggerated, but at one time, particularly when Czechoslovakia fell to the Communists, there was some excuse for trying to break up the Soviet bloc and putting West Europe on a military footing. We were successful— whether through our own efforts or from centrifugal tendencies within the bloc itself is not too important. This very success now alarms the cold-war promoters. "We cannot see the Communist bloc in Europe break up," Morse said, "without seeing the real basis for the NATO organization disappear with it."

The NATO country we cherish most is Germany, whose army we made the most powerful in Europe after we had tried without success to organize a NATO multilateral army. The Russians and our own allies fear that the MLF project will have the same result. If we persist in our efforts, the Germans will end up with a nuclear force, first in some camouflaged form with an American veto or other ostensible safeguards; ultimately with their own stockpile of nuclear weapons. This prospect gives not only the Russians and the Czechs the jitters, but scares the French as well. They remember. [See review of Alexander Werth's *Russia at War* by George G. Kirstein, page 409.]

A warning against this insane course comes from a source which neither Mr. Krock nor Mr. Morse may hold in the highest esteem, but it is the truth that counts, not whence it comes. The chief theoretician of the Spanish Falange, Fernando Herrero Tejedor, recently issued a call for a "flexible" attitude toward communism. In the manner and timing of its publication, this pronouncement comes close to being an official declaration of Spanish Government policy. Herrero Tejedor argues that communism has become "very differentiated," with hegemony passing from Moscow to Peking and "National Communist" systems developing everywhere. He advocates "new postures and adequate actions" to meet the challenges of "neo-capitalism" and "neo-Marxism." Nothing is said about the MLF, but the ideas seem to be roughly identical with those of General de Gaulle.

Our State Department might well consider whether the Spanish call for flexibility in a rapidly moving situation is not worth heeding. If Franco can afford to slacken off his crusade against communism, is it the time for us to redouble our efforts? What the world needs is not still more nuclear weapons piled on the existing ones, but coexistence and disarmament.

Hoover the Vulgarian

In any other nation that espouses the democratic ethos, a vulgar outburst of the kind indulged in recently by J. Edgar Hoover would constitute a national scandal. But not here, not in these United States, where for reasons that must remain forever inexplicable Mr. Hoover has long enjoyed almost total immunity from criticism.

What the Warren Commission Report said about the role of the FBI in the Dallas tragedy was mild enough, but even that comment Mr. Hoover cannot accept; from this moment on he will nurse a vendetta against the commission, from the Chief Justice down to the least member of the staff. Even so, the attack on the Warren Commission Report could be dismissed as mere pique; Hoover has never accepted the proposition that the agency he heads is subject to criticism—from any source. At a different level is his crude reference to Martin Luther King—a man of the cloth—as "the most notorious liar in the country." Dr. King may have been factually inaccurate about the number of FBI agents in the South who are Southerners by birth, but he was—and is—on firm footing when he inveighs against the role that the FBI has played in the South in the past. Of recent months, the FBI has been doing a good job, by all accounts, in checking on violations of the civil rights of Negroes. But it did not act until it was ordered into action, first by President Kennedy, and later by President Johnson. Its previous record on civil rights was miserable, nor is Dr. King the only person who has pointed to it. "Liar" is an ugly word and notably so when used by a person of Mr. Hoover's prestige—false though it may be—and power, which is all too real. An Attorney General of "guts," to borrow one of Mr. Hoover's favorite words, would promptly call Mr. Hoover to account for his intemperate attack on Dr. King.

But far more serious are certain other remarks made by Mr. Hoover in the same interview. It is preposterous that the nation's chief law-enforcement official should want to turn the clock back by advocating that 16-year-old delinquents be tried for serious crimes as adults. It is equally preposterous for him to demand that "bleeding heart judges have a little more guts when handing down decisions" in juvenile cases. It is, of course, characteristic of Mr. Hoover that he should—against the great weight of historical evidence—find informers to be "truly patriotic individuals and not the scum the pseudo-left wingers call them." But what is one to say of a chief law-enforcement official who suggests that pedestrians on city streets at night carry a whistle or a tear-gas pen (actually illegal in New York City without a police permit) or be accompanied by a dog? What poverty of imagination! Why not suggest that they ride around in tanks, armed with hand grenades, Tommy guns and bazookas, and wear bullet-proof vests?

The fact is that Mr. Hoover, for all his fame and prestige, is an oaf. One can look up what he had to say on these same subjects many years ago (the quotes may

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be found in Max Lowenthal's fine book on the FBI) and it becomes clear that his views have not changed in the slightest degree. He was addicted to stupid stereotypes then; he is still addicted to them. He held then the same uneducated views on crime and law enforcement that he holds today. He has learned nothing in all his years in high office; his manners, his language and his ideas are as vulgar now as when he first joined the FBI. It is a constant affront that such a man should hold high office; much worse is the fact that he should be widely venerated as one of the nation's valuable public servants. Fortunately he cannot hold on to the office forever, but must we wait until death taps him on the shoulder? There is always the possibility that he may, at some point, offend the Establishment, or that his temper may at last prove to be his undoing. It is unlikely, but one can dream.

Preventive Counterrevolution

Year in, year out, decade after decade, a large part of the population of Latin America lives on the verge of starvation and many, directly or indirectly, die of it. A tiny minority lives in baronial splendor and has fortunes stashed away in foreign banks just in case their agreeable arrangements should miscarry. To guard against this unpleasant eventuality, Latin American nations keep about 500,000 men under arms at an annual cost well in excess of $1.5 billion. The officers of this formidable gendarmerie are well rewarded. In Caracas they relax with their American colleagues in a $10 million officers' club. When things get hot, as in Bolivia recently, they throw out expendable civilians and take over the burdens of government directly. Since their dual service as soldiers and political fire fighters is hard on the nerves, the Latin American military gentry often retire early on generous pensions supplied by the moneyed class, which in turn extracts the funds from the *campesinos* and the urban proletariat, who continue to go hungry, and so on, around and around.

This cycle is observed with interest by Fidel Castro from his island citadel where, however bad things may be, the army and militia have a quite different function and there are no $10 million officers' clubs—in fact, no officers' clubs. Castro sees hunger, he sees a rising population (the annual growth rate is 3 per cent in Latin America, as compared with 2.3 per cent in Asia), he sees token amelioration by the Alliance for Progress, he sees repressive militarism. All this he sees now; for the future, he thinks he sees revolutions which will bring to power regimes sympathetic to him. Otherwise he can look forward only to further isolation and a precarious dependence on the Soviet Union, which may find other uses for the $300 million that Cuba now costs it annually.

Castro's hopes may not be illusory. The Latin American military guardians, in full agreement with their American mentors, are preparing for guerrilla warfare—the kind that brought Castro to power. In Venezuela the guerrillas are already active. There are only about 1,500 of them, but periodically they kidnap members of the American military mission or blow up American oil-producing facilities. According to *Time* (November 13) small bands are also operating in Colombia, Peru, Honduras and Guatemala.

It is the future, however, that fills U.S. advisers with apprehension, as it fills Castro with hope. The guerrilla potential, a top U.S. policy maker is quoted as saying, "is something that is going to keep us awake at night in the next ten years." Consequently, where formerly the Latin American custodians of law 'n order gratefully received second-hand tanks and bombers from Uncle Sam, now they cry for jeeps, mortars, walkie-talkies, helicopters and other light hardware for future use against an elusive enemy. Hundreds of officers and reliable enlisted men attend U.S. anti-guerrilla training schools in the Panama Canal Zone, where they learn such useful techniques as strangling a man with a boot lace. They are also taught to woo the peasants with medical aid, road building, toys for the kiddies and other proofs of benevolence.

This mixture of loving kindness and strangulation may work in Latin America, but it has not worked in South Vietnam, where a rather similar situation prevailed. It looks as though the American people will be called on to support a proliferation of Latin American Vietnams. It would be cheaper in blood and money to come to terms with the hungry in Latin America.

Money Isn't Everything

Mobilization for Youth is a local betterment program on the Lower East Side of New York which has come into national prominence by getting into trouble; currently it is the subject of three investigations.

The idea was to combat juvenile delinquency and slum conditions generally by enlisting the poor in a pilot self-improvement program. As might have been predicted, the project ran into opposition from established organizations and agencies for improving the condition of the poor without disturbing the rich, and the Establishment generally. The charges were that the administrative director had indulged in expense-account living on MFY funds, that there had been other "lavish and improper spending," and, most horrible of all, that the organization had been infiltrated by leftists. As to the last, the agency would have given offense even if not a single Red or Pink had ever come near it. Any organization that talks of rent strikes, for instance, is bound to offend landlords, who are more interested in keeping rents high and repairs low than in the agency's actions to prevent gang rumbles or to rehabilitate narcotics addicts.

A panel of social welfare experts came to MFY's aid, however, and their report was released in Washington by Acting Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, who is also chairman of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. The panel described MFY's program as a "meritorious pioneering demonstration in the national effort against delinquency and poverty." Meritorious it is, but scarcely a pioneering effort. Ex-

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cept perhaps in its application to youth, the technique is not new. It has been used before, and it will be used in the future by local governments which purpose to make a serious attack on chronic poverty.

The series of roadside demonstrations which in the 1930s focused nation-wide attention on the problem of migrants was hardly as spontaneous as it appeared to be at the time. The migrants wanted to demonstrate, sure enough, but they required a little stimulation to get started. The farm mortgage holiday movement similarly required organization and planning at the outset; the dispossessed farmers did the rest. The National Labor Relations Act was a device by which the Roosevelt administration deliberately encouraged workers to organize so that they could make demands which would redress the balance of employer-employee power. Perhaps nothing that the New Deal did was more effective in pushing through its basic program than this implementation of the power of labor—and nothing offended big corporate money more.

MFY has been attacked on the score of "sociological subversion." The charge is not unfounded, and it has nothing to do with the handful of leftists who may have "infiltrated" the agency. The fact is that the country needs a shot of subversion in some critical areas. Our society is in a bad way spiritually, and if subversion will jar it out of its complacency and materialism, so be it.

What seems new—because people have not yet accepted or understood it—is the proposition that money alone will not cope with today's hard-core, sodden poverty. One could double welfare payments without making much of an impression or accomplishing anything very significant. The recipients would be more comfortable, but New York City would still have a relief population of more than 500,000, and rising. Programs like MFY's, which attempt to spark interest in the people directly concerned and enlist their energies in the solution of their own problems, constitute the vital, initial step toward a better society. To get poor people involved in the democratic process may be heretical, it may be dangerous to vested interests, but if it is stopped or aborted, the nation will one day regret it.

Anniversaries

This year and next are milestones for three of the country's journals of opinion. *The New Republic* issued its fiftieth anniversary number on November 7, *The Commonweal* passed its fortieth anniversary on November 20. *The Nation*, not unmindful that its centenary is only a few months off, congratulates both and wishes them long-continued usefulness on the national scene.

These anniversaries prove, at the very least, that opinion journalism has a role to play in the life of the country. In the nature of things as they are, such periodicals of commentary and criticism cannot expect to wax rich in either circulation or capital assets. (They do not strive to be small, either, and a doubling or tripling of circulation would be all to the good.) The critical magazine and the mass magazine have little in common; they are, essentially, opposites. What happens when a magazine tries to be both is shown by *The Saturday Evening Post*. In the last two years it has made a gallant if sporadic effort to "speak out," to lay it on the line, but at the same time to court the advertisers, without whose support it cannot speak at all. Opinion journalism has only one thing to do; that is both its limitation and its strength.

Electoral College

THE OBSOLETE FILTER

Donald A. Meyer and Max Nathan, Jr.

On November 3, 1964, American voters went to the polls, ostensibly to elect the President and Vice President of the United States; but as of today neither has been elected. Presumably, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Humphrey will be elected when the Electoral College convenes on December 14, but that will not be known officially until January 3, when the electors' votes are counted before a joint session of Congress; and the new President and Vice President will not take office until January 20. Unlike any other democratic government in the world, the United States has a three-month timetable of stages between the expression of the popular will and the inauguration of the nation's Chief Executive. This unnecessary delay (England changes within hours of the popular mandate) harks back to a day of slower transportation and communication, and to fear of a too direct expression of the popular will. Under our system, the vote of the people must be filtered before the end result is reached. It is always possible that in the process the people's choice may get filtered out.

Not only can the electoral vote itself give the victory to a candidate who has lost in the popular vote (it is statistically possible for a mere 22 per cent of those voting to elect a candidate over an opponent who has won 78 per cent of the popular vote) but also, because of certain constitutional uncertainties, November's winner may be defeated in

Donald A. Meyer practices law in New Orleans; he has recently been appointed to the National Panel of the American Arbitration Association. Max Nathan, Jr., also a lawyer in New Orleans, was law clerk to U.S. Judge John Minor Wisdom on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Both are graduates of Tulane University Law School.

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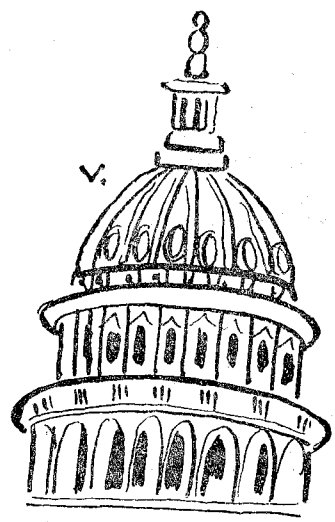
December. The electors might not vote for him, and it is their vote that counts. From its birth the Electoral College has contained latent, congenital defects which have caused all future generations constant electoral insecurity.

The problem is far from academic. Before the Republican Convention in July, 1964, certain discontented elements of the American political community attempted to take advantage of the system's inherent weakness by exhuming the long-buried notion of the unpledged elector. Long before San Francisco, indeed as far back as the summer of 1963, Alabama's Gov. George Wallace was spearheading a drive to "commit" electors from Southern states to remain "uncommitted" to any Presidential candidate in the 1964 election. In the wake of the passage of the civil rights bill and the possibility that the Democrats would nominate Robert Kennedy for the Vice Presidency, the Governor stated, "We in the South must face up to the fact that we have the balance of power in the next Presidential election, but we must stand solidly together." What Wallace meant by the "balance of power" is this: If the election outside of the South had been close, or at least so divided that neither major-party candidate had a majority of electoral votes, the South would have had the power to tip the scales in favor of either candidate. Since the electors are chosen by the people early in November, but do not cast *their* ballots until the middle of December, there is a six-week period for bargaining, if the South's electoral votes are needed to assure a candidate of victory. Naturally, pledged electors cannot bargain, as they must honor their pledge, but "unpledged" electors would be in a position to cast their ballots so as to give whichever candidate offered the greater concessions a majority in the Electoral College.

This power of unpledged electors to bargain is only one weapon in the arsenal of the discontented. If concessions are not given at that stage, the South's bloc power will not be lost—it can actually become greater by throwing its electoral votes to some "favorite son." If no candidate for President receives a majority in the Electoral College, the House of Representatives selects the President. And in the House, each state has only *one* vote, regardless of its electoral vote or the size of its Congressional delegation. Therefore, if neither major party in the House had a majority of states in its column, excluding the Southern bloc, then the Southern states with thirteen votes would have the "balance of power" to determine the ultimate selection. Either way, in the Electoral College or in the House, the Wallace idea was to use the unpledged elector as a device to get candidates to the bargaining table, thereby hoping to obtain favorable concessions on the vital issues of civil rights, tidelands, and so forth. The nomination of Goldwater put an end to the scheme —for this election year.

Until recently the idea of partisan, pledged electors was unchallenged and indeed accepted by all as a fact of American political life. But the great social upheavals of the last decade, which have touched sensitive sectional nerves, have caused much searching for legal stratagems calculated to delay and avoid. One treasure found in the search is that the archaic method of selecting our Chief Executive offers tremendous leverage to a small region in a close election. In 1948, for example, the shift of a handful of popular votes in two or three states could have resulted in a change in electoral votes that would have thrown the election into the House of Representatives, where the Dixiecrats (with four states carried and several others sympathetic) might well have determined the outcome, since neither Harry Truman nor Thomas Dewey could have commanded a majority of state delegations.

Apart from the obvious difficulties inherent in selection by the House of Representatives, it is readily apparent that the Electoral College presents artificial barriers between the people and their President, and is one of the few remaining vestiges of our aristocratic beginning, a useless appendage in a more democratic age. In historical context, however, its adoption by the Constitutional Convention can be justified on both pragmatic and philosophic grounds. As a practical proposition, in 1787 the people who possessed the franchise had virtually no contact with the persons for whom they would have to cast their vote in a direct popular election. Colonial transportation and communication barriers restricted an active campaign by candidates seeking the office of President and foreclosed public exposure. Consequently, it was more expedient for the voters of each state to select those men best qualified in their state to meet with others similarly qualified from other states, in order collectively, yet individually, to insure an intelligent selection. The electors had first-person knowledge of the candidates for whom they cast their votes, so that this process



insured a continuous "elective aristocracy." The aristocratic leader would then derive his power from the consent of the governed. Thus, the few, who elected the one on behalf of the many, acted as the catalyst for projecting Rousseau's "social contract" into the young Republic.

But however well suited to the times and conditions of 1787, the considerations underlying the establishment of the Electoral College and the independence of its electors became absurd with the growth of political parties and the advent of national political conventions. It did not take long for the changed conditions to become apparent. Thus, as early as 1826, a Select Committee of the Senate reported:

> . . . *Electors, therefore, have not answered the design of their institution. They are not the independent body and superior characters which they were intended to be.* They are not left to the exercise of their own judgment; on the contrary they give their vote, or bind themselves to give it, according to the will of their constituents. They have degenerated into mere agents, in a case which requires no agency, and where the

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agent must be useless, if he is faithful, and dangerous, if he is not.

Instead of selecting as electors the wise and educated elite of the community, who would assemble and exercise their best judgment, the public adopted the practice of voting for partisans, for competing *slates* of electors who were already committed to a designated candidate. The same Senate Report *in 1826* that condemned electors as having become "mere agents" also observed that "Instead of being chosen for their noble qualities set forth in the *Federalist*, candidates for electors are now most usually selected for their devotion to a party, their popular manners, and a supposed talent for electioneering, which the framers of the Constitution would have been ashamed to possess." Even earlier, in 1819, Sen. James Barbour of Virginia concluded that it was of no consequence who was selected as elector, since "he serves only as an organ, to convey the wishes of his constituents to the Electoral College. He furnishes the only requisite, by the pledge he previously gives of supporting the man of their choice." Under the laws of most states today a slate of candidates for electors and alternates is chosen at a state party convention, but in some states party committees pick the candidates or they are chosen at a primary election.

Leaders of both major political parties have long recognized, as did Senator Barbour, that modern political situations demand pledged rather than unpledged electors participating in the Electoral College. Where, then, did Governor Wallace look for rational and intellectual support? He argues that the federal Constitution provides for unpledged electors. However, the Constitution requires neither pledged nor unpledged electors, but merely says that the electors "shall vote by ballot." The customs and traditions of the colonies of the 18th century perhaps demanded unfettered electors, but American politics in the 20th century makes an opposite demand. The historic development of the Electoral College, particularly as modified by decisions of the Supreme Court and other tribunals on analogous issues, would have confronted the Wallace forces with basic Constitutional roadblocks.

It should be noted, however, that Wallace's plan was not altogether original. Identical appeals have been made in the past. There are two cases on record in which hopeful politicians sought to utilize the independence of the electors to influence the outcome of an election, but the cases never materialized. In 1824, the electors of North Carolina were pledged both to Andrew Jackson and to John Quincy Adams, with the understanding that they would vote for the one who had the best chance of success. And in the three-way election of 1912 between Democrat Woodrow Wilson, Bull-Moose Teddy Roosevelt, and Republican William Howard Taft, a ticket of South Dakota electors supporting Roosevelt announced before the election that if Roosevelt could not be elected, and the contest between Taft and Wilson was close, they would vote for Taft. In addition to these two instances, various independent electors have on occasion cast votes for candidates other than the party nominees. In 1820, a New Hampshire elector voted for John Quincy Adams instead of James Monroe, to whom he was pledged; in 1948, a Tennessee Democratic elector voted for Senator Thurmond instead of the Democratic nominee; in 1956, an Alabama Democratic elector refused to vote for the Democratic nominee and instead voted for a local judge; in 1960, Sen. Harry Byrd received electoral votes from several unpledged Mississippi and Alabama electors, as well as from a renegade Oklahoma Republican elector. Obviously, these are mere isolated instances of eccentricity. Runaway electors in the future, however, will face a mass of constitutionally founded arguments designed to put down such mutiny.

The United States Supreme Court in recent years has been chipping away at elected officials who do not equally represent the electorate. For example, in 1963, the Court in *Gray* v. *Sanders*, nullified Georgia's "county unit system," which was modeled upon the Electoral College, and remarked that the Hamiltonian philosophy underlying the Electoral College "belongs to a bygone day." On June 15, 1964, the Court, in six separate redistricting opinions, pulled out the props that also support the unpledged elector. A majority of the Supreme Court maintained that the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment requires that each person's vote must, as far as can reasonably be insured, be given the same weight as every other person's vote. Applying this principle to the unpledged-elector movement, one notes a logical analogy. For example, if in Louisiana a slate of unpledged electors ran in lieu of electors pledged to support the Democratic nominee, voters who wanted to vote for the national candidate would be totally disfranchised. Furthermore, voters who unwillingly voted for the *unpledged* electors in the hope that they would ultimately support the national ticket would not have an equal vote with others in the same state who cast their ballots for the slate of *pledged* Republican electors. The Republicans would be voting with full knowledge that their votes were effective, but citizens voting for the unpledged slate would cast votes of lesser weight because they would not know how their electors might subsequently act. Such disparate treatment abridges a citizen's right to vote in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. This disparity can be avoided only by presenting sufficient choices to the people as, for example, three slates of electors: one pledged Democratic, one pledged Republican and one unpledged. These alternatives would appear to satisfy the Constitutional requirements since the voter can then cast a meaningful vote. Such a tripartite system was declared satisfactory last summer by a three-judge United States district court in Mississippi.

The Wallace strategy contained the proposition that the voters of the Southern states should go to the polls prior to Election Day in November and determine whether or not their state would have a pledged or unpledged slate of Democratic electors on the ballot. Initially, this appears to be a valid argument, based upon the democratic proposition that the "majority rules." The legislature of Colorado took this same tack when faced with determining its own reapportionment. Two constitutional amendments, aimed at reapportionment, were presented to Colorado voters who, in a state-wide referendum, approved one of the amendments. Subsequently, a suit was filed attacking the constitutionality of the ratified amendment. The state demurred, claiming that the "people" had indi-

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cated their choice at the polls. The United States Supreme Court not only nullified the amendment, it gave short shrift to the arguments that support this form of popular action:

An individual's constitutionally protected right to cast an equally weighted vote cannot be denied even by a vote of the majority of the state's electorate if the . . . scheme adopted by the voters fails to measure up to the requirements of the Equal Protection Clause. Manifestly the fact that a . . . plan is adopted in a popular referendum is insufficient to sustain its constitutionality. . . . One's right to life, liberty, and property, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to vote, they depend on the outcome of no elections. A citizen's constitutional rights can hardly be infringed simply because a majority of the people choose to do so.

The archaic principles underlying the Electoral College have been under scrutiny for many years. Since 1947, more than a hundred proposals have been introduced in Congress to amend the Constitution with respect to the electoral process. These proposals center on three basic methods of electing the President—the direct election by popular vote; the district plan, by which electors would be selected at a district level instead of state-wide; and the proportional representation plan, better known as the "Lodge-Gossett" amendment, which was passed by the Senate in 1950, but killed in the House when it failed to obtain the two-thirds vote required for approval. This plan abolishes the Electoral College, but retains the electoral votes, which would be apportioned in each state among the Presidential candidates in proportion to the number of popular votes they received. If a candidate received 60 per cent of the popular vote, he would receive 60 per cent of the state's electoral vote.

Only a Constitutional amendment can abolish the Electoral College. The courts are obliged to restrict, within the framework of the Constitution, state action that is aimed at abridging the voter's right actively and effectively to participate in the elective process. An elector, unpledged to the national candidate, effectively destroys active voter participation.

Where then can future supporters of the unpledged elector turn? Although they may argue that electors are legally free to exercise independence in casting their ballots, this independence, as a practical matter, has not effectively existed for more than 120 years. The services performed by the Presidential electors today are on the whole purely ministerial, notwithstanding the language of the Constitution that they shall cast "ballots." To read that document with an eye only to the language, and with a disregard for the brilliant history of party government in this nation, is to dismiss our primaries and nominating procedures, our campaigning and voting as empty gestures. There are those in our country who would so dismiss them through the device of the unpledged elector. Whatever the future of the Electoral College, it is imperative that electors should henceforth be bound to vote the will of the electorate, that they should never be available as pawns in schismatic power plays.

NATO TODAY

THE GREAT POKER GAME . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

A French commentator remarked the other day: "For better or for worse, the power blocs in the world are no longer what they used to be. The tensions inside the Western alliance are not as bad, perhaps, as the fights between the Russians and the Chinese, but the Western powers are no longer behaving as if they were allies. Things were easier when Stalin was there, and the cold war was at its height."

Everybody, indeed, has some ax to grind. The German Government, faced with an election next year, is afraid to annoy its peasant voters by yielding on the question of agricultural prices; hence dark French threats to get out of the Common Market, since an industrial Common Market makes no sense without a parallel agricultural Common Market. The new British Labour Government now says it can't go ahead with the Anglo-French Concorde aircraft project, whence came French charges of bad faith and breach of contract, and replies from British lawyers that British financial commitments under the project are not legally binding. Now, in view of the great anxiety caused in the British aircraft industry by the possible cancellation of Concorde, the Labour government seems to have adopted a more flexible attitude, indicating that it has not backed out of the contract but is merely asking for its revision—in other words, taking a wait-and-see attitude. The French Government meanwhile, is playing with the idea of finding additional partners for Concorde, but nothing has been settled yet about the Scandinavians or Swiss joining in the supersonic project.

But the biggest squabble of all is building up over the Multilateral Force (MLF). Even in this case, however, it is impossible to say whether a major crisis will develop in the immediate future, or whether everybody will think it preferable to play for time. Because of the implacable hostility that de Gaulle expressed for the whole project during his two meetings with Adenauer earlier this month, some German spokesmen are now saying that there is no desperate hurry about it. A curious argument being used is that there *was* a great hurry to get MLF settled before Khrushchev's visit to Bonn, but that since there will now be no such visit the project no longer has the same urgency.

These German comments must be read in the context of the German Christian-Democratic Party, which is terribly divided. Adenauer, now supported by President of the Bundestag Gerstenmeyer, is eager to remain on the best of terms with France; Foreign Minister Schröder belongs to the "American orientation"; others emphasize closer cooperation with England. French

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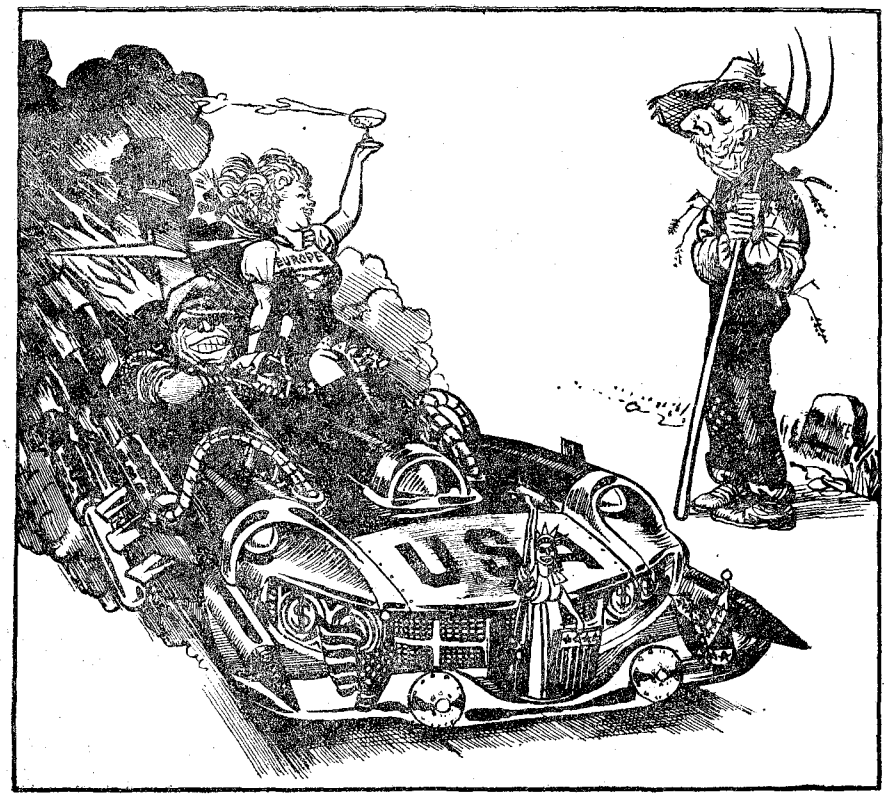

Macpherson, Toronto Star

Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, at a luncheon given in Adenauer's honor, commented on the "contradictory character" of the statements made by the various German leaders responsible for the country's foreign policy.

What is de Gaulle's own attitude? There has been much talk about the French "leaving both the Common Market and NATO"—the former because of agricultural prices, the latter because of MLF. The curious thing is that in the past the French Government, while making it clear that France would not take part in MLF, raised no objection to German participation. Now, however, the French have launched a great campaign against MLF, even though, as *Le Figaro* points out, the whole scheme can be traced back to the Nassau agreement, before de Gaulle's veto of Britain's entry into the Common Market. *Figaro* continues:

> *Foreign observers now think that France's apparent indifference in the past could be explained by her conviction that the scheme would never come to anything. But, with the Labour government in power—even though the Labour Party was hostile to MLF in the past—the scheme seems to have a better chance of seeing the light of day. . . . The Labour government, without much liking MLF, doesn't like the national nuclear deterrent either; and that's why it hopes to start a general negotiation on the reorganization of the Atlantic alliance.*

The paper notes that, even more than the Conservatives, Labour is "Atlantic," rather than "European"; that is where the great difference lies between Britain and France. It is odd that amidst all the coming and going of diplomats in the last couple of weeks there should have been practically no contacts between the French and British Governments.

But the French are looking with more and more disquiet at formal and informal meetings among British, Germans, Americans and "good Europeans" like Belgian Foreign Minister Spaak, between whom and de Gaulle no love is lost. Some surprise was caused here by the sudden announcement of the Wilson-Johnson meeting in Washington on December 7 and 8; it had not been expected so soon. As it is, the meeting will be held a week before the ministerial council of NATO on December 15; that suggests, in the French view, that the United States will lose no time in trying to give final shape to MLF. The press here quotes, with a touch of ill humor, a New York *Herald Tribune* statement that the United States wants the MLF treaty signed not later than the beginning of January so that it can be ratified by the respective parliaments before the German election. Even greater annoyance was caused here by German Defense Minister von Hassel's remarks on his arrival in America to the effect that British ideas on the subject "should be carefully studied" and, worse still, that "France had always shown a certain understanding about Germany's desire to take part in MLF."

That is quite untrue. A fully authorized spokesman for the French Government declared on the very same day to the Anglo-American press that "the creation of an MLF study group inside NATO would be simply a *violation* of that unanimity rule which was the very basis of the Atlantic Pact." And he added that a German-American bilateral agreement would "constitute a threat to the independence of Europe."

I understand that de Gaulle spoke in more or less the same terms to Adenauer, and after that to Jean Monnet, chairman of the Action Committee for the United States of Europe. As *Le Monde* put it, the MLF is, for de Gaulle today, the question that "dominates everything else." Monnet, the "Great European," whom de Gaulle agreed to see—though there was, and continues to be, acute disagreement between them on the organization of Europe—declared himself "reasonably optimistic" after the meeting, but this appears to have referred more to the possibility of a compromise solution on the agricultural Common Market than to MLF. Fundamentally, de Gaulle opposes MLF for very much the same reason that he opposed Britain's entry into the Common Market: Britain, according to his view, is scheming to open the gates of Europe to the Commonwealth and the United States. It is still a question whether France can effectively veto the MLF treaty if it is concluded between the United States, Germany and, possibly, England, and whether its threat to leave NATO will carry sufficient weight. At any rate, in *Figaro's* words, "the big poker game has only just begun, and it is still too early to say how it will end."

There are major obscurities in both the British and the French policy. It has always been thought here that the Labour government would

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be categorically opposed to the Germans' having a finger on any atomic trigger. On the other hand, while the French are absolutely opposed, for the present, to an American-German-based MLF, French Premier Pompidou, while talking big about "European defense," has never made it clear whether he is for or against West Germany's having atomic weapons of her own; or, alternatively, under what conditions, if any, West Germany might be allowed to take part in a European force endowed with such weapons. There also seems to be a contradiction between the French concept of "strictly national" defense and the concept of a "European military policy." Some commentators regard the latter as little more than a "polemical or propaganda argument."

The most favorable development in recent days, from the French point of view, has been the inquiry into MLF conducted by *The New York Times* which questioned the value of an integrated atomic surface navy. The paper quotes several officers of various nationalities as saying that even if France does not quit the Atlantic Pact, great damage will be caused by the interruption of French cooperation in many of the highly integrated aspects of NATO. Other military spokesmen are mentioned as believing that MLF is a political project of doubtful strategic value, and that it would be ironic if the United States dislocated an alliance which had been of the greatest political and military value to Europe. And, in any case, no European capital, except possibly Bonn, was really enthusiastic about MLF. Others were quoted to the effect that the French atomic bombers were by no means as negligible a force as Washington civilian officials imagined, and that, altogether, it was more valuable to have a common defense policy with independent national forces than to have a common force with divergent policies underlying it.

However, the press here regretfully notes that the military views reported in the *Times* go contrary to the official "civilian" views held in Washington, and stresses the contrast between the "civilian concept of integration" and the opinions of military experts who would be called upon to apply it in the event of a major showdown.

It is still hard to say how this squabble will end. Reports from Washington and Bonn suggest that it might perhaps be wiser to have some more general and all-sided talks before rushing into ill-considered decisions which might break up or, at any rate badly weaken, the Atlantic alliance. Adenauer seems to have impressed upon Bonn the danger of quarreling with France. But will this conciliatory German mood last?

The latest news suggests that Johnson is hellbent — whatever de Gaulle says or does—to go ahead with the American-German MLF. The only hope, perhaps, is that Harold Wilson will raise the strongest possible opposition, though I am not entirely certain that he will now stick to his election assurances: "lesser evil" arguments concerning German access to nuclear weapons are now being bandied about inside the Labour government. An MLF which included Germany could only intensify the cold war and drive Russia toward China. It is worth remembering that Khrushchev contemplated paying a very heavy price to prevent the institution of a German-shared MLF. He may even have been willing to undertake radical changes in the East German regime. No one knows where exactly the Brezhnev group stands, but it would surely be reasonable to attempt some negotiations with the Russians before embarking on a scheme containing as many ominous implications as does MLF. Surprisingly, the British press, even the *New Statesman*, is dwelling less on the dangers of MLF than on its so-called sabotage by de Gaulle.

For the present, the French are anxiously awaiting the results of the Johnson-Wilson meeting, and wondering what effect it will have on the NATO meeting a week later. The more violently anti-de Gaulle press in France is now saying that he has done everything to "isolate" France; but this view is not widely shared. The government, at any rate, thinks it highly improbable that Wilson, still less Johnson, will find it possible to make decisions as though France—with the military and geographical place it holds in Europe—simply did not exist. It should also be remembered that de Gaulle himself has not really shown his hand yet in the big poker game now in progress.

How Nations Drink

The Puzzle of Alcoholism . . .

M. E. Chafetz, M. D.

In France, anti-alcoholic posters urge the public to drink no more than a single liter of wine a day; in the United States, the traditional advice is never to let liquor touch one's lips again. These examples of differing attitudes toward a universal problem underlie the puzzle of alcoholism.

The main difficulty lies in determining when in fact alcoholism exists. To a Moslem of Kashmir, a sip of wine signifies a problem. To the Finns, a weekend bout of intoxication is a problem. To the French, heavy drinking and intoxication are not problems, but only the physical deterioration induced thereby. To a Russian, heavy drinking becomes a problem only when production is impaired. To an American, heavy drinking is fine as long as it doesn't deprive you of a job, wife, money and the new necessities of our society.

The World Health Organization's definition of alcoholism gives some dimension to the problem. It states that "Alcoholism is a chronic behavioral disorder manifested by repeated drinking of alcoholic beverages in excess of the dietary and so-

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cial uses of the community and to an extent that interferes with the drinker's health or his social or economic functioning."

Since that day in prehistoric times when our forebears accidentally found alcohol, liquors have constantly accompanied man. Whether naturally fermented by yeast spores eating a sugary mixture, or by the simple process of distillation, alcohol is a cinch to make. Because of its near-universal use, alcohol has had a place in victory and defeat, birth and death, happiness and sorrow, success or failure, health or illness. Much evidence has been gathered to show that the problems of alcohol outweigh its benefits. It is not so. In the troubled 20th century, problem "tails" wag socially useful "dogs." A little reflection shows that if the vast majority of the world's people had not handled alcohol without serious difficulty, civilization would have been destroyed.

Now the Japanese, Chinese, Thais, Lebanese, Italians, French, Israelis and Americans are all people who have emotions, physiological responses, genetic and biochemical influences, cultural and social attitudes, personal and political problems—and they are all people who drink. Yet they have differing rates of alcoholism. Apparently, social organization, patterns of drinking and the significance attached to alcohol play a major role in alcoholism. Perhaps we can fit a few pieces of our puzzle into place if we look at these peoples and their ways of drinking.

The Japanese are intimately involved with two religions: future-oriented Buddhism and day-to-day, reality-oriented Shintoism. Buddhism is unrelenting in its insistence upon total abstinence; the drinking of sake is an important part of Shinto worship. In spite of these conflicting religious attitudes, alcohol problems were minimal in Japan up to the end of World War II. The Japanese drank at festivals. The *toso* custom of New Year's Day was to ward off disease; the *shirozake* or Doll's Festival of March 3 was an eating and drinking event in which all family members participated. Moon-viewing parties, the Shinto wedding (like that of the Jews), harvest time, cherry blossom time and other celebrations of nature and history have always been commemorated by much drink among the Japanese.

Since the war, however, changes in Japanese culture and values have resulted in a rising incidence of alcohol problems. Traditional attitudes and values have been suddenly discarded for unfamiliar Occidental ones. Drinking establishments abound in all major cities of Japan, and the increased leisure time now available, the laxity of religious involvement, and the mobility and freedom of women have all served to break down the security derived from the former structured home life. Simultaneously with these cultural changes, alcohol has become an increasing problem.

Although the Chinese drink frequently and in good amount, alcoholism is rare among them. For one thing, the Chinese never drink alone. They drink at parties and always take food with their liquor. The Chinese expect alcohol to promote communication; drunkenness is strongly disapproved. The Chinese learn an art of drinking: they sip in company, they eat, and they always sit when drinking.

Thailand is undergoing cultural changes similar to those of Japan. Traditionally, family ties among the Thais have been close and strong; pleasures were sought and received within the confines of the home; masculine and feminine roles and responsibilities were clearly defined. Since the end of World War II, family closeness has been fragmented, pleasure sought away from home, and the roles of the sexes have become blurred. Although heavy social drinking was and is common in Thailand, alcohol problems were once rare. Drinking was combined with much eating and was never solitary. Recently, among people who work away from their family and home influence, alcohol problems have begun to appear, and it may be that alcoholism will increase in Thailand in the near future.

In Lebanon, the people are heavy, frequent drinkers, but there is little alcoholism. The Lebanese, too, have close family ties, eat a great amount of food while drinking; solitary drinking and intoxication are unthinkable.

The Italian and the orthodox Jew form other cultures that drink but do not, in their native setting, suffer from alcohol problems. The Italian feeds wine to young and old alike, and more than once a day. Yet drinking is done while seated, in company, and with food, and alcohol is viewed as just another staple of the diet. The orthodox Jew, too, on occasion, uses wine and other liquors with meals, but especially in connection with group religious ceremonies.

I have attempted to show by these examples that there are cultures in which drink is common but where alcoholism is not a devastating problem. When the people of these cultures emigrate to other countries, one begins to see interesting trends. The Japanese and Chinese tend, even among second- and third-generation descendants, to create their own national, closed communities in the new land, and maintain traditional attitudes and values. The only alcoholic patients I have ever known of from these two nations had attempted to adopt the modes and values of the "foreign" culture surrounding them.

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That holds also for the Italian and orthodox Jewish *émigré*. At first, Italians and Jews created their own national ghettos and rigidly maintained old and familiar ways. But second- and third-generation Italians and Jews sought to immerse themselves in the mores of America. As they did so, their alcohol problems tended to become more acute.

Whatever the definition of alcoholism, drinking—even in substantial amounts—does not cause it. At least from the cultures just cited, we can conclude that a society in which there is family closeness, a relaxed form of drinking, a disapproval of drunkenness (but not drinking) will be relatively free of alcoholism. Further, the introduction of alcohol, not as a special, magical substance to be avoided like plague or sought for ecstatic purpose, but as another ingredient of diet and social relations, minimizes the problem.

Two nations, France and the United States, are seriously troubled by alcoholism; do they also have a different attitude toward the use of alcohol?

Every section of France produces a regional brandy. Since the French farmer is allowed to make liquor for his own use, he often produces an extra amount for sale. Illegal traffic in liquor is therefore common, and accurate statistics on alcohol consumption are impossible. No one doubts, though, that it is high.

Frenchmen invest alcoholic beverages with special qualities: whether wine or brandy, it is all good for them. And if one drink is good, ten drinks will be ten times as good. The special position accorded liquor also appears in the French worker's assumption that without drink it is impossible to get on with the job. In other words, drink is essential if one is to function. When friends meet in France they immediately repair for a drink, and one would never think of hiring a workman for an odd job around the house without giving him drink —the job would likely not get done.

Along with the notions that alcohol is good for them and that they can't function without it, there is the difficulty that many Frenchmen cannot undergo emotion in the absence of drink. Happiness, success, sorrow cannot be properly experienced without liquor. No one may take credit for being humorous, carefree or gay, without attributing much of the effect to alcohol. It is *this* wine or *that* brandy that makes the individual brave, strong, able to ward off the ravages of ill health or despair.

When liquor is felt to be a necessity of life, it can quite readily become a solution to life's problems. All of us learn early in life that we must make readjustments both within and without ourselves to the pains and difficulties that confront us. Alcohol, which narcotizes the higher brain centers and blunts the edge of reality, provides excellent temporary relief. However, when inordinate powers for good are ascribed to it, it can become a way of coping with life. Furthermore, we must keep in mind that the children of France, like all children, learn by imitation and identification how to conduct themselves. If they see alcohol used as a major way of dealing with life, we can expect that they will have unhealthy expectations of its problem-solving qualities.

Americans drink more nearly like the French than, for example, like the Italians. Many business activities could not function without alcohol. Our drinking is done as we live: in a rush. We stand to our drink and we gulp it as though we were quenching a thirst. The symbolic thirst we seem to be quenching is the desire to communicate. Our pride in acquiring material goods while worshiping at the altar of obsolescence is reflected in our interpersonal relations. We discard "friends" as quickly as we attract them. Communication is minimal, emotional attachments superficial. Our cocktail parties mirror this: a crush of blank faces and the swilling of liquor to get quick relief from tense discomfort. This does not fit the model I've previously described for prudent drinking. And how often does the American down his liquor alone in a commuter bar before facing the crush of homeward traffic and a distraught, children-oriented wife? Solitary drinking is scant aid to emotional communication; drink on an empty stomach produces a heightened response; reactions are blurred and the lone drinker tends to take more than he really wants. All of this occurs against the puritanical notion that drinking is a sin. Guilt, tenseness and solitary drinking without food do not invariably produce the healthy effects and attitudes that liquor can yield.

Furthermore, many Americans find it difficult to distinguish drinking from drunkenness. The two are not the same. Drinking is the partaking of an alcoholic beverage; drunkenness is a disturbed metabolic state, and can occur from too much of any substance, even, for example, air or water. The undue emphasis on the disturbed metabolic state has led many persons to incriminate the liquor and not the metabolic dysfunction as a source of problems. Recently, in Darien, Conn., we saw how society oversimplifies social disturbances involving alcohol. It was not liquor that was at fault in that tragedy; it was the fact that the driver had had too much (12 Scotches) to drink. If he had overeaten to an equivalent degree, his reflexes would have been slowed and concentration dulled. The tragic result might have been the same.

Another important aspect of the

Amphora Attributed to Amasis

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alcoholism puzzle is the significance that is attached to the label "alcoholic." This is only one evidence of our tendency to depersonalize people who require help. Thus one hears references to a cardiac, diabetic, epileptic, rapist, thief, and so forth. However, the connotation attached to the word "alcoholic" is especially disturbing and self-limiting. It implies to educated and uneducated alike a skid-row derelict, or someone suffering one type of hopeless personality problem. Nothing is further from the truth. The fact is that alcohol problems can and do occur among the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, the beautiful and the ugly. We ought to rid ourselves quickly of these destructive stereotypes which prevent people from being helped until they are far progressed in their alcohol problems.

What does such an examination of the puzzle of alcoholism tell us? I think that we can no longer ignore the fact that social organization and cultural factors play a major role in unhealthy adjustment to alcohol. We can no longer ignore the lessons of other countries: nations whose people have little or no alcohol problem accept alcohol as just another substance and incorporate it into diet, ceremony and group activity. Solitary drinking is taboo, drunkenness abhorred. Drink is served only in company and with food, to communicate with others under relaxed circumstances. Liquor is never seen as a necessary aid to performance or to the solution of emotional conflicts.

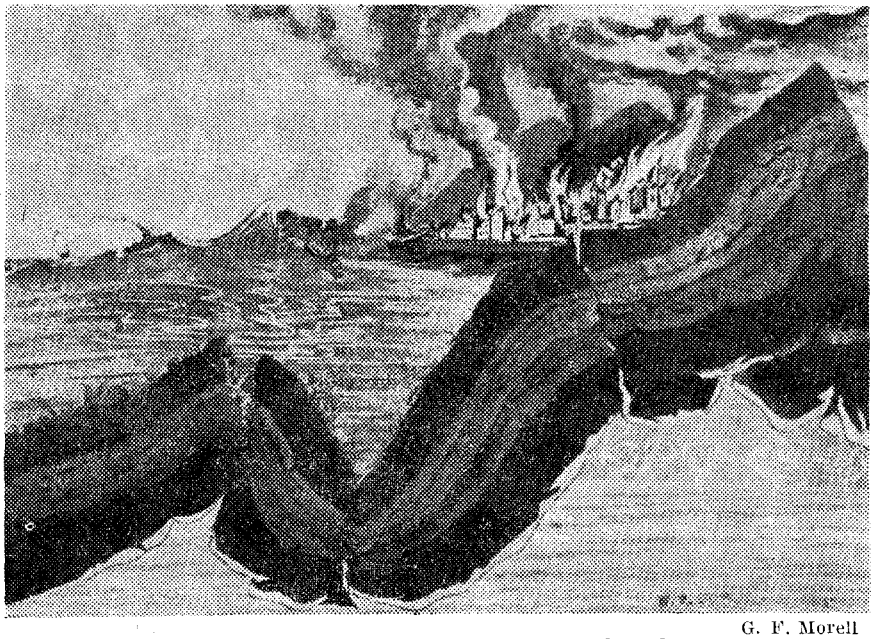
In those countries where the problem is serious, alcohol is given a special significance and quality; drinking is done in tense, uncommunicative, often solitary surroundings, and is used in order to function at work or to solve problems. It is about time that countries such as the United States became realistic about this ubiquitous liquid. Alcohol does more good than harm and we ought to help people achieve positive benefits from it rather than make them guilty and afraid.

Although it cannot solve the underlying component of alcoholism, a different attitude toward liquor will lower the incidence of the problem; it may help push us to other solutions. We are far from the final answers to the puzzle of alcoholism, but we have progressed far enough to take some positive first steps toward removing alcohol as an alleged solver of problems and substituting in its stead mechanisms that are socially and physically less destructive.

California Plays Ostrich

THE EARTHQUAKE TABOO . . . . . David Cort

The ground underfoot, as most people now realize, is not really "solid." Some of it, as in England, is sinking. Some of it, as in Scandinavia and Canada, is rising. South America, Africa and Australia are thought to be sliding almost imperceptibly northward. Part of California is flowing northwest into the Pacific Ocean at the rate of perhaps 2 inches a year. The causes of these antics are varied and complex, but may reflect convection currents in the white-hot plastic "mantle" which underlies the brittle crust of the earth, 18 to 40 miles down under the continents, and as little as 3 miles in places below the ocean floor. These aberrations cause some discomfort in the crust part-way down, usually about 20 miles down, and something happens.



G. F. Morell

Schematic Drawing of a Major Earthquake

The something is usually an earthquake. (Volcanoes will not be considered here.) About 80 per cent of all earthquakes express the complaints of the great series of rifts that surround the Pacific Ocean, from New Zealand to Alaska and down again through Chile. Some 15 per cent follow the mountain system from Morocco through Southern Europe and Central Asia to Indonesia. The remainder are scattered. The two ends of the circum-Pacific series approach Antarctica from opposite sides, the Andean system making an undersea loop in the South Atlantic and then connecting with the Antarctic Peninsula. The fault system may continue across Antarctica to the volcano of Erebus, opposite New Zealand. Antarctica's role in the earth's fault pattern is yet to be explored; it may well be significant. Every year there are probably something more than a million earthquakes, great, medium and

David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

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small. Under the existing system of seismological stations, about 60,000 of these are recorded.

"There is not much one can do about earthquakes; there is certainly no means of stopping them," it has been written. It is said, however, that an engineer in Pasadena, Calif., proposed to end any further nonsense from the local geological fault by locking it with a great concrete block. I do not know whether to believe the story, but it is a parable of the idiot insolence of man.

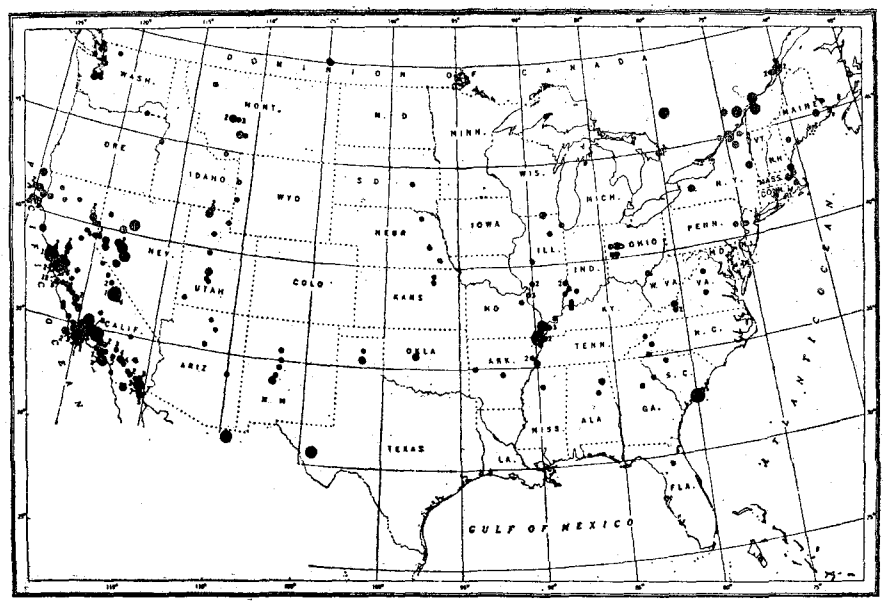
California and Alaska are the two major earthquake zones in the United States, and they are really major. An earthquake heavy enough to be felt by local residents occurs somewhere in California nearly every day. About fifteen to twenty shakes that do some damage take place every year. California is criss-crossed with geologic faults; it is a state on the move.*

Since the last major shifting of the southern half of the great San Andreas fault was in 1857, and the period of recurrence seems to be about a hundred years, another is a little overdue. From another fault, the Los Angeles area was considerably shaken in 1952; since then all has been quiet in L.A., while large numbers of people unaccustomed to earthquakes have poured in. If seriously tossed about, these people would panic.

One therefore assumes that the rulers of California are preparing for trouble, and one assumes incorrectly. The very word, earthquake, is taboo in California. This prudery does not prevail in other earthquake areas, but California's tone is set by the realtors, as well as the undertakers. Earthquake talk lowers real estate values and raises insurance rates. The old joke about the "San Francisco Fire of 1906" is familiar, but it is no joke.

In 1948, a "Seismic Probability Map of the United States" was prepared for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey by F. P. Ulrich. It was officially retired in 1952, not for scientific reasons but because of powerful pressure from business groups (probably Californian) who wanted a lower probability rating for their area.

One of the few men who are trying to save California is the great and courageous seismologist Charles F. Richter, the author of the Richter scale of magnitude for earthquakes. His reward is to get letters from Californians asking that he "stop talking about earthquakes because it scares [us]."



U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey

Destructive and Near-Destructive Earthquakes Recorded in the United States through 1955

Richter's articles are simply attempts to help his readers survive the shaking of the earth. He points out that the actual rending of the ground very rarely, almost never, kills. The major mortality results from the collapse of buildings, for distances up to 500 miles from the disturbance. Any earth movement shakes the whole planet; if it did not, instruments on the other side of the world could not detect it, as they do. Anchorage, Alaska, for example, was 80 miles from the earth rupture, but the shaking started landslides that all but destroyed Anchorage.

Richter tries to tell California that one can indeed predict one's own personal peril. A house built on hard rock such as granite will react very slightly to the tremor coursing through the earth. One built on alluvium, fill or sedimentary rock will shake like water in response to the same series of shocks, and the house may come tumbling down unless it has been braced against lateral stresses. Most of the deaths are found in these crashings and fire settings as masonry crumbles, cornices crack off, chimneys, columns and towers fall away, and gas, electric and water connections are ruptured. In shaken buildings, things fall off shelves, and this is especially relevant to drugstores, liquor stores, saloons, kitchens and bathrooms. The earthquake presents the society, suddenly, with a new, complex and unimaginable set of problems and at an hour that cannot be foreseen. Sometimes the hour is lucky, as in the Long Beach, Calif., disaster of 1933 which destroyed the schools at a time when the children were not inside them. The timing could be otherwise.

Richter simply asks that the problem be foreseen. The chief, and effective, defense is lateral bracing of buildings, nor is this costly. Secondly, anything that can be shaken off, such as balconies, cornices, false façades, parapets, etc., must be stripped away. The first shaking will probably last less than a minute. Don't panic, says Richter, don't run, especially don't run downstairs. If possible, don't try to telephone or drive a car for some time afterward. You will only be impeding rescue operations. A big shock will usually be followed by smaller shocks; therefore, do not re-enter damaged buildings except to save the lives of others. But in the Imperial Valley of California the first shock is not typically the big shock, it is a warning of worse to come. Here, I suppose, one should get into the open at once, after the first shaking has stopped. Always beware of dangling wires; they may be live.

No part of California, says Pro-

*A recent, detailed and pictorial story of California's faults and earthquakes is Robert Iacopi's *Earthquake Country* (Lane, Menlo Park, Calif.).

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fessor Richter, is safe from earthquakes. Some people have a morbid terror of earthquakes, like the irrational fear of cats or open spaces. These Mr. Richter advises to take residence in some other state.

Earthquakes the world over kill an average of 14,000 people a year; in the big years (1906, 1908, 1915, 1920, 1923, 1927, 1932, 1939) they kill on the scale of 100,000. If you are interested in property, the annual damage is colossal, even though most quakes occur in uninhabited territory.

In the *Seismological Bulletin*, April, 1959, Richter gave some important California earthquake dates, a few of which can be noted, remembering that an earthquake area shares the experience with neighboring areas. Thus:

Los Angeles: 1855, 1857, 1930
Long Beach: 1933
Bakersfield: 1894, 1952
Imperial Valley: 1906, 1934, 1940
San Jacinto: 1899, 1907, 1918
San Diego: 1892
Owens Valley: 1872
Santa Barbara: 1925, 1926, 1941, 1952
San Francisco: 1868 (Hayward), 1906, 1957

The theory is that if it has happened before, it can happen again. Insurance companies admire this theory; chambers of commerce hate it. Between the two, the people don't know what is happening to them.

In fairness to California, it should be added that important earthquakes have struck elsewhere in the United States, though rarely. Richter lists them as along the St. Lawrence River rift, New England and northern New York, New Madrid, Mo., Charleston, S.C., north Florida, Nevada, Montana, Utah, Texas, the Puget Sound area, and one in the ocean off New York City, in 1884.

The Alaskan earthquake of Good Friday, March 27, 1964, demonstrated that such an event—in this case followed by the powerful, long, fast-moving seismic wave—can abruptly change the entire economic structure of an American state. The property damage was finally fixed at more than $300 million. The city of Kodiak, for example, on the offshore island of that name, ended 5½ feet lower than it had been before; it is nervous about winter tides.

Earthquake at Caracas

(The California taboo evidently does not apply to other people's quakes. The Alaska disaster was given six pages on Easter Sunday in the *Los Angeles Times*, and seven in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Both compared it to the San Francisco event of 1906, though the San Francisco paper published the date as 1908.)

The 1964 rebuilding of southern Alaska, hurriedly concentrated on water, sewers, power, schools and roads, was ended in late October by the winter freeze. The winter will thus of necessity be given to long-range planning, so that the inevitable repetition will fall upon buildings fortified against the murderous behavior of a shaken structure. A committee of scientists has been advising the Alaska government on new construction, stressing the nature of the ground on which the buildings are to stand, for this unemphasized factor is the crux of the problem.

One would think that the prevalence and broad spread of earthquakes would have developed a great body of seismologists, but this is not so. It was only when the United States Government began giving research contracts to universities in connection with Project Vela, whose job is to detect Russia's secret underground explosion of nuclear bombs, that seismology became academically popular. Suddenly there were swarms of young men taking graduate degrees in geophysics.

The breath-taking development at the moment is that these new recruits have assigned themselves the task of *predicting* earthquakes. This objective, which one would not dare declare unattainable, is still a good deal more difficult than predicting the day of the opening of World War III.

It takes no courage at all to say that for some time to come earthquakes will continue to arrive when they please, and with no advance warning.

SOS from the Merchant Marine . . Desmond Smith

A series of strikes and walkouts in the maritime industry, at least eight of them involving the Taft-Hartley injunctive process, has signaled to the sixth sense of Congressmen from Maine to Hawaii that the shipping industry has ceased to be some kind of problem that affects only those with seaboard constituents. But since so many Congressmen appear to speak before they think, it has, so far, been left to the press to analyze the ills of our fractious and troubled maritime industry. Elsewhere, in Great Britain, Japan, Norway and the Soviet Union, a vigorous merchant marine is not a question of "government extravagance" or "union featherbedding" but of economic survival. Here in America some pessimists are inclined to believe that our merchant marine will disintegrate in the next few years. This view has found its most vocal outlet in the business press. But strange to say these Cassandra-like pronouncements are rarely couched in the spirit of gloom. Quite the contrary: one writer seemed almost delighted to report that "90 per cent of our foreign commerce is already being satisfactorily hauled in foreign bottoms."

All the same, disappointment may be in store for observers like the fatuous commentator in *Fortune* who suggests: "The place to begin restoring sanity to the situation [operating subsidies] is the statutory obligation of the subsidized operators to build their ships in American yards and to man them with Amer-

Desmond Smith is a regular contributor to The Economist (*London*).

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ican citizens. Both these requirements should be dropped." The political dangers inherent in moves of this sort have been vividly demonstrated by the outcry occasioned by the decision to shut down the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Nevertheless, there are many people (not all cranks or devotees of 18th-century economic thinking) who hold that we are "stuck" with our ailing merchant marine. If so, there is clearly a need to understand the institution to which, as taxpayers, we may be indefinitely bound. The public air is full of foggy illusions that need to be dispelled. There is the idea suggested, for example, by an article in *Reader's Digest* (February, 1963) that "the Government subsidy of U.S. ships operating in foreign trade has soared out of control, and the greed the subsidy generates among leaders of the maritime unions is killing the industry." A reader might well consult Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz's testimony before the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee last year which admitted the franker reality:

> *To know the history of the world's waterfronts is to know today's difficulties on U.S. ships and piers are part of a centuries-old international tradition of roughness and toughness. The economics of these industries are out of joint—as the subsidy programs reflect. . . . Wage rates for many of the jobs involved are low by U.S. standards; yet they are so high by comparison with wages paid on ships which lie alongside but fly other flags that a serious competitive disadvantage has developed.*

It is irrational to attribute motives of across-the-industry greed to, say, Ralph E. Casey, president of the American Merchant Marine Institute and Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, not to mention Harry Bridges, General Franklin and Jakob Isbrandsten. The minds that shape and guide the American merchant marine start from diverse points of origin, and only a paranoid would accuse them all of a conspiracy to destroy the U.S. maritime industry.

Contrary to popular notion the U.S. merchant marine is a long way from being a ward of the federal government. Federal subsidies —an unfailing guide to government involvement—are currently running at the rate of some $300 million a year. Compared to Agriculture ($1½ billion) or Science and Technology ($15 billion) the figure is small indeed. As a result, Congress has been generally indifferent to maritime problems. The absence of close federal scrutiny has meant that the U.S. shipping industry has, broadly speaking, skippered its own postwar destiny, with results little short of disastrous. In less than twenty years our merchant marine has slumped from first place to fifth, behind Great Britain, Norway, Japan, Liberia and (almost certainly this year, the Soviet Union). While most maritime nations carried 50 to 75 per cent of their own foreign trade, less than 10 per cent of U.S. goods sold abroad was carried in U.S.-flag ships. In the dry-bulk trade (ores, timber, grain), amounting to 83 per cent of our foreign commerce, U.S.-flag ships carried less than 7 per cent. Worst of all, only 4.2 per cent of our tanker movements were carried out under our own flag. Except for government-sponsored assistance and large defense cargoes, U.S.-flag tramps, and independent tankers would long since have disappeared from the seas.

There are three main reasons why the U.S. merchant marine is now facing a crisis. The first has come about through the rapid expansion of international trade since the war. Last year, for example, the value of world seagoing trade was a staggering $278 billion, U.S. trade alone being $42 billion. Anticipating this demand as long ago as the early 1950s, the maritime nations, led by Great Britain and Japan, regenerated their blue-water fleets. The bulk of this ambitious shipbuilding program was initiated by governments, and those who chose to build independently designed ships to conform with a national maritime program. But in the United States neither the Truman nor the Eisenhower administration showed any real interest in reassessing the postwar role of America's merchant marine (a neglect that was to have severe consequences during the Korean conflict). With only the outdated 1936 Merchant Marine Act to guide them, U.S. shipbuilders and shipping companies lacked the opportunity to think in terms big enough for the changing world-transport situation. This meant that, when faced with important decisions, U.S. shipping companies had to substitute guesswork for guidelines. Confronted with foreign-flag competition (a good deal of it subsidized by generous U.S. foreign-aid programs) the industry—unions and management together—began to lobby for some recognition of their plight. Until 1960, alone among great nations, the United States lacked even a Federal Maritime Commission. The help grudgingly given by Congress has come in piecemeal portions—too little and too late. An outsider often has difficulty seeing what common thread runs through such a variegated industry—if indeed it can be called an industry—apart from the salt water beneath its hulls. Yet by the 1960s there was one unifying theme: low profits and fierce competition.

The second cause of the crisis is that, faced with the Administration's yawning indifference to our merchant marine, U.S. shipowners looked around for a way to beat the rap. Under a foreign flag, a Liberty ship costs about $800 a day to run; under the Stars and Stripes it costs $1,800 a day. Similarly, an American shipping company can build two ships in a foreign yard for the price of one built at home. It is scarcely surprising, then, that many U.S. shipping companies have chosen to build abroad and to register their ships under what they term a "flag of necessity."

In a belated effort to head off the ensuing protest of domestic shipbuilding yards and the seagoing unions, Congress has passed two subsidy measures that partially cover both ship construction and operation. To qualify, a shipping company must satisfy the government that the subsidy is in the national interest and security. Unfortunately, Congress has chosen not to legislate in shipping's biggest growth area—tankers and dry-bulk cargo carriers. Therefore, a bitter struggle has taken place between the maritime unions and the owners of what they caustically call "America's runaway flag fleet." According to Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union: "The runaway flag operation amounts to a racket that has been foisted on the American people by some of our richest and most illustrious corporations — Standard Oil, Gulf, Texaco, Alcoa, U.S. Steel, Rey-

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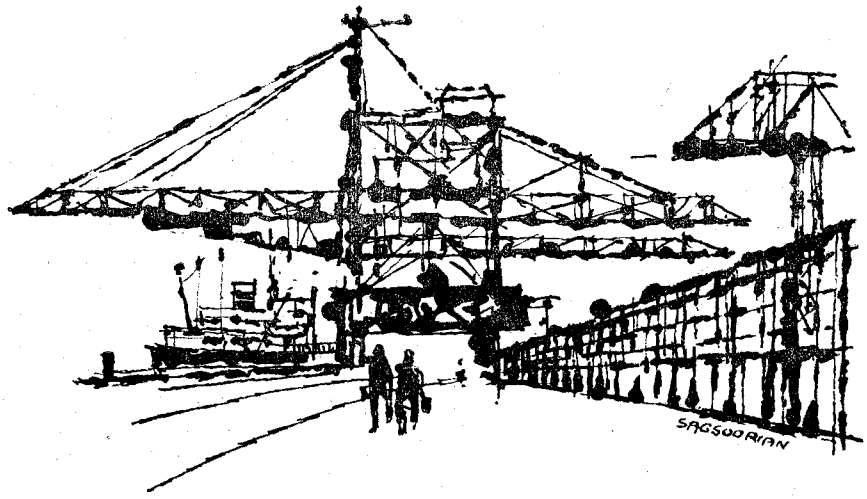
nolds Aluminum, to mention a few."

By registering under Liberian, Panamanian, Honduran and other foreign flags, U.S. owners have successfully evaded U.S. labor standards, taxes and safety requirements. The act of transferring flags is simplicity itself. "The ship never leaves the trade in which it is engaged under the American flag," Edwin N. Altman, an AFL-CIO official told a Congressional committee. "The ship never goes to Panama or Liberia. It does not employ Liberians or Panamanians. It continues to enjoy the blessings of doing business in America, but it completely escapes the impact of American law, and it is thereby able to increase its profits manyfold."

While other nations have been expanding their merchant fleets in the postwar years, the U.S.-flag fleet has dwindled to less than half of what it was in 1946. Meanwhile, more than 400 American-owned ships now sail under the Panlibhonco (Panama, Liberian, Honduran and Costa Rica) flag. The dismal consequences of this policy —or rather lack of policy—have produced such ironies as that the United States, over the opposition of its European allies, should support Liberia's claim (as a leading maritime nation!) for a seat on the United Nations International Maritime Consultative Organization. More recently, during the Cuban crisis, the first ship halted by an American submarine was a former Liberty ship flying one of the Panlibhonco flags. From the shipowners' point of view, the foreign-flag loophole—outrageous though it may appear — is obviously sound business. It is very bad business for the American maritime unions: employment of American seamen is down from an immediate postwar high of 250,000 to a current membership of less than 70,000. The Panlibhonco shipowners are also competing with American-flag companies, which still further splits the divided and fractured U.S. shipping industry.

The third reason why things have gone sour is that the merchant marine simply does not interest the American public. One of the first actions of the Kennedy administration was to put the maritime subsidy program under the Commerce Department. Shortly thereafter, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges described the government's aid-to-shipping program as "the subsidization



of mediocrity." He did not say why, and, more important, he did nothing about it. Ralph E. Casey, president of the American Marine Institute, complained not long ago that "our foreign competitors appreciate the benefits derived from a vigorous, active merchant fleet. . . . Norway, which in 1962 carried 16 per cent of United States ocean-borne trade —or almost twice what we carried of it ourselves—sustains a fleet of 1,400 vessels." And Norway's population is about 2 per cent of ours. Just how far things have gone was revealed during last year's House hearings on a bill to "protect the public interest from disastrous effects of labor disputes in the Maritime Industry." The bill—which fortunately failed to pass out of committee—would have given the President the right to impose compulsory arbitration. A number of the Congressmen on the committee wanted to know why the Taft-Hartley law had to be resorted to so frequently in the maritime industry. Only Paul Hall, president of the Seafarer's International Union struck at the heart of the matter. "What you are really doing," said Hall, " is trying to solve the issue of an illness by the amputation of a part of the body, without any relevancy, in my opinion, to the real illness in the rest of the body, other than the fact that it represents a scab on the finger, or something of this sort. So you chop it off. But you haven't gotten to the root of the illness."

The public is perhaps indifferent to the merchant marine because, by prevailing editorial standards, it is not news. The mass media cover the waterfront to report a strike or some such dramatic event as the ordeal of the *Flying Enterprise*. The resources of a television network or a mass-circulation magazine that might provide a balanced study of the current crisis in our merchant marine are instead concentrated on single happenings. As for government apathy, a bewildering number of Washington agencies now share responsibility for the merchant marine. Until some survey is done to find out why Agriculture, Defense, State and Commerce each have a finger on the maritime button, it is most unlikely that any plan will be forthcoming.

The election has thrust upon President Johnson a special responsibility to do something for the American merchant marine. The opportunity still exists; it has not yet been lost because other maritime nations have filled the vacuum created by America's neglect of ocean commerce. It has not all been lost through the Panlibhonco-flag escape route. It has not been entirely wiped out by the attacks of America's "leadership" press on the federal maritime subsidy program. Neither has the opportunity been lost by the hearings on the compulsory arbitration bill; indeed, failure to report out the bill (it was opposed by the Secretary of Labor, among many others) led to a wider dissemination of maritime labor's point of view. What is now needed is less nonsense about "saving" our merchant marine, as some act of charity in return for war deeds, and more determination to put it to work, for the sound reason that no great society can look outward as long as one part of its merchant marine sails under a Caribbean flag while the other part consists of an aging collection of rust-laden hulks.

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Death's Darkest Feast

RUSSIA AT WAR 1941-1945. By Alexander Werth. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1,100 pp. $10.

George G. Kirstein

Death is a primary measure of the magnitude of war. By this criterion, the Russian-German phase of World War II surpassed all previous conflicts in human history. The Russians alone suffered some 20 million dead, and while German losses were less, they, too, ran into the millions. Examine the scope of some of the individual battles which made up the war. A single night's air raid on Stalingrad—August 23, 1942—killed 40,000 Russians. In the raid on Coventry which aroused the indignation of all England's well-wishers, 700 died. Total German losses for the first five months of the Russian war, according to German sources, were 200,000 dead, 543,000 wounded. Contrast this with German losses in the entire Western European campaign of 1940 in which there were 30,000 Nazi dead. Russian losses in the same five-month period were so high that for considerations of morale, they were not made public. However, observers believe that Russian casualties were at least two or three times as great as those of the invaders. At Leningrad, of the 3 million trapped when the city was surrounded, 1 million died of starvation or from the incessant bombardments. In the year 1943 alone, 2 million Russian prisoners perished under the tender custodianship of their German captors. There were single days' battles in which the carnage ran as high as 50,000 dead on each side. Students of the statistics of death in war will find in excess the raw material for their calculations in this volume.

If the American reader tries to conceive what it was like to have been trapped in Leningrad or Stalingrad or any of the thousands of occupied towns and villages, the total number of deaths cited will remain a statistical abstraction which simply confounds the imagination. Death happens to each individual, and the inevitability of each individual's death in this war has a repetitive emotional impact on the reader. For example, the 15-year-old girl, toiling in a roofless Leningrad munitions factory in sub-zero cold, knows that almost certainly if she does not die of starvation, which was never more than a day or two away with her total food ration reduced to 250 grams of bread, she will die in the incessant bombings of the plant. And if the plant ceases to function and the Germans capture the city, she will die of starvation or as a slave laborer or in some still worse way. Listen to her own reply to the question: "Doesn't it frighten you to work there?" "No, not really, one gets used to it. When a shell whistles, it means it's high up, it's only when it begins to sizzle that you know there's going to be trouble. Accidents do happen, of course . . . only last week we had an accident; a shell landed in my workshop and many were wounded, and two . . . girls were burned to death."

The inescapability of immediate, violent death made the Russian resistance to the invasion recklessly courageous. If your village was captured, you might just as well be a guerrilla fighter in the partisan movement doing what damage you could in the German rear. You would die, of course, but before that happened you might derail one or more supply trains. You would be tortured if caught and the probabilities were that you would freeze or starve during the murderous winters. But if you stayed in the village you would also die of starvation, or be killed if you declined to die of overwork as a slave laborer. The choice was not whether you died, but how. Under these circumstances the block-by-block, house-by-house, room-by-room defense of Stalingrad becomes comprehensible.

One can also understand why a truck driver, attempting to bring food to a starving city across a newly frozen lake, would be willing to test the ice with the weight of his truck. When the ice was not thick enough, the vehicle plunged to the bottom and the driver drowned. But even if the ice would support the weight, the Germans would bomb and strafe the supply line so one died from steel instead of from ice. There was a chance—a slim chance—of getting through, but if you didn't

The Spell

You can almost see him, looking as he were well —

Shaking it off, shedding it, at first,
The least shadow on the shoulders
Marking the hurt—as if absorbed almost—
Then the face turning, with the charm
That still gave life; only faltering momentarily
In his shining course—

Until you remember how the head
Was horribly shattered
And fell, with the lifted hair,
As from an axe in back — Oswald,
Cutting a path for himself
In the midst of America — a wedge.

But was the thing as it sped —
Coppered, leaden — not stopped
Perhaps there, in the invincible thick hair?
Where the woman, with her skill,
Could pick it away, in her lap,
Breaking the spell? In the cloth of her dress?

It was deeper than that:
Neither burr nor dune thistle,
More like the roses she held
Black as blood in the light, so dark red —
But a kind of blunt bud, splintered
Into flower, that could not be touched,
Having its own final power, that spread within,

The blind dark overcoming him.

William Burford

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die today—well, you would die tomorrow anyway.

Herein lies the great merit of *Russia at War*. In addition to being a history, an account of the confused and often double-dealing diplomacy that characterized this war, and a description of the major campaigns complete with battle maps and statistics, it is also a personal first-hand account of the major holocausts. Alexander Werth was born in Russia and speaks the language flawlessly. He was London *Sunday Times* correspondent in Russia throughout the war. When Leningrad was surrounded and besieged, he was in Leningrad and gives a close-up view of the suffering and starvation there. He was in Stalingrad when the fighting was bitterest. This is not the narrative of a historian, working patiently within the resources of a university library, painfully reconstructing past events from contemporary accounts, but the eyewitness description of an experienced journalist who was there. He was in the Ukraine when it was liberated, despite the seas of mud which marked that spring's early thaw. He saw the ruins of the burnt villages, the decaying bodies in their mass graves, and the swinging corpses on their improvised gallows which signaled that the German army had passed that way. He had to empty his shoes and brush off his pants after walking through the blanket of human ashes from the crematorium at the Maidanek prison camp where some 1,500,000 people were murdered and then incinerated within two years. Because the ashes made excellent fertilizer they had been spread on the cabbage fields, and the Russian army and its accompanying correspondents savored the odor of burnt flesh and bones and saw with their own eyes the ingenious machinery of horror that a supposedly civilized country had erected in its war of extermination. It is hardly surprising that with this background the subsequent Russian invasion of Germany approximated in barbarity the Nazi invasion of Russia in the early days of victory.

Werth interviewed Russian generals, American, English and French diplomats, German prisoners, Ukrainian peasants who somehow survived the occupation, air men, students, teachers, factory workers and every other classification of person; every citizen participated in this total war. His interview with a Russian girl who had been shipped to a slave-labor factory where flax was combed, and who amputated her own right hand under the cutting machinery so that she would be returned home, is as much a piece of literature as it is reportage or history. In addition to his personal observation, the eleven-page bibliography attests that Mr. Werth studied hundreds of newspaper and magazine accounts, as well as a mass of other historical material published in the Soviet Union, France, England, Germany and the United States.

For all its excellence this book, like all others, has flaws. I wish, for example, that Mr. Werth or his editors had caught such a sentence as, "Apart from Poland, the Red Army had a lot of other fish to fry," which begins one chapter entitled "Rumania, Finland, and Bulgaria Pack Up." Other examples could be cited where Mr. Werth's airy journalistic style tends to demean his role as historian.

I have a more substantial difference with the author when he attempts, toward the end of his book, to reconstruct the considerations which motivated President Truman to order the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Mr. Werth sees these acts of super-destruction as a calculated warning to Russia of America's new and vast power, as much as a final blow designed to knock Japan out of the war. He supports his interpretation by again reciting the oft-told tale of Japan's many diplomatic peace feelers which preceded the mushroom blasts. My own view is that any such effort to carefully appraise the rationale that took place in the minds of Harry Truman or his advisers is unrewarding. I happen to have a low enough estimate of man, the animal, to believe that any ruler of any country at war, which had created a super-weapon at enormous effort and expense, would use it and invent the rationale for the action later. To support my contention, neither Churchill nor Stalin made any effort to dissuade Truman from using this ultimate weapon when they were informed of its development at the Potsdam Conference. Mr. Werth suggests that Stalin did not fully appreciate the magnitude of our development, having been informed that it was a superbomb, but not knowing it was an atomic bomb. There is no suggestion that he would have opposed its use even if he had understood its capacity.

Histories of great wars are of interest at any time (witness the continuing popularity of books on different aspects of our own Civil War). But this account of the Russo-German war is particularly relevant today because it will clarify for the American reader attitudes which are affecting current international affairs. For those who marvel at the almost pathological fear that the Russians display at the prospect of our allowing the German finger near the nuclear trigger, this book will furnish some insight. If tomorrow's headlines trumpet still another bellicose blast from Moscow against our encouraging the multinational cargo-ship fleet, armed with Polaris nuclear missiles, perhaps understanding, if not sympathy, may be aroused by reading certain sections of this book. It is not that Mr. Werth makes the Russians out to be adorable heroes, sportsmanlike and guiltless of all misconduct; indeed, his descriptions of the Russian invasion of Poland and Germany in the war's final phases indicate the excesses of which troops with slackening discipline are capable on the eve of victory. Nor is his account of the way the Russians treated some 500,000 Tartars who were Russian nationals, but who collaborated with the invaders, calculated to stir admiration in American hearts. When their Crimean homeland was recaptured by the Red army these people in their en-

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tirety, men, women and children, were shipped to an undisclosed destination in the East and were never permitted to return.

But *Russia at War* does remind us that a great nation, invaded by overwhelming force, fought back with the ferocity of desperation. It reminds us further that even England's glorious and lonely stand might not have afforded our Allies and ourselves enough time, hampered as we were with our war in the Pacific, to overcome the Germans had it not been for the bloodletting on the Eastern Front. Finally, this book's graphic description of the war in Russia will explain to our statesmen and our public why, until the last survivors of Leningrad and Stalingrad and Sebastopol and Kursk and Odessa and all the other monuments to horror are dead and forgotten, the Russians will continue to hate the Germans and fear their predilection for destruction.

From the Inferno

I NEVER SAW ANOTHER BUTTERFLY. Edited by H. Volavkova. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 81 pp. $3.95.

Jerry Richard

On October 19, 1941, the Nazis converted the little Czech fortress town of Terezin into Theresienstadt, a concentration camp. This was to be no Auschwitz or Bergen-Belsen, but a model camp, a place to show visiting Red Cross officials. Here the Nazis sent prisoners whom, for one expedient or another, they were not ready to kill. The very old and the very young were also concentrated here for a while. So there were no gas chambers at Theresienstadt; the prisoners lived, some in houses, some in former Czech army barracks, overcrowded and undernourished, of course, but in a real town with streets and grass and a little park. People died, but they were not killed, at least not in large numbers.

From the middle of the war on, however, as the Nazis were concerned less and less with the opinion of the International Red Cross, and as the Final Solution became policy, Theresienstadt become only a way station, a stopping place for a few months or a year on the way to the death camps in the east. Among the forced inhabitants from 1941 until the camp was liberated in 1945 were 15,000 children. About 100 of them survived, the rest gassed and burned, mostly at Oswietim. The Nazis did not call Theresienstadt a concentration camp; they called it a ghetto:

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone . . .
Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to
kiss the world goodby.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.

This poem is by Pavel Friedmann, one of those children who died in Oswietim in late September, 1944. *I Never Saw Another Butterfly* is a collection of children's drawings and poems by children and young people who were incarcerated at Theresienstadt. The children were taught drawing and poetry, as they must have been taught religion, in secret. The selections in this book are taken from the State Jewish Museum in Prague where all the surviving manuscripts and drawings are now deposited. One is surprised at first to see the bright colors of the drawings (mostly crayons and collages), barbed wire done in red and blue, a barred window done in pastels. Were these the only colors available, or did the children attempt with bright red crayons to brighten up that dreary world, that real world of demons and ghouls? There are, of course, pictures of numbered bunks (also in red and yellow), an S.S. man on guard, and Theresienstadt itself surrounded more by the somber blue walls of its sky than by the old fortress walls; but most of the pictures are of flowers, trees, dancing children, and one is startled to see in this wall-locked concentration camp a picture of a man in a boat.

The poetry also deals with places far away ("Oh, how sweet the name Morocco!") and of home. Most often, in this world where flowers live longer than children ("When the blossom comes to bloom/The little boy will be no more."), the young poets think about their chances of living:

The sun has made a veil of gold
So lovely that my body aches.
Above, the heavens shriek with blue
Convinced I've smiled by some mistake.
The world's abloom and seems to smile.
I want to fly, but where, how high?
If in barbed wire things can bloom
Why couldn't I? I will not die!

This is part of a poem written by "the children in Barracks L 318 and L 417, ages 10-16 years."

The children, of course, see what the Red Cross did not:

Terezin
The heaviest wheel rolls across our foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside our memories.

We've suffered here more than enough,
Here in this clot of grief and shame,
Wanting a badge of blindness
To be a proof for their own children.

A fourth year of waiting, like standing above a swamp
From which any moment might gush forth a spring.

Meanwhile, the rivers flow another way,
Another way,
Not letting you die, not letting you live.

And the cannons don't scream and the guns don't bark
And you don't see blood here.
Nothing, only silent hunger.
Children steal the bread here and ask and ask and ask
And all would wish to sleep, keep silent and just to go to sleep again . . .

In these poems and drawings there is fear, compassion, even pity for the old, with their hard crusts of bread and toothless mouths. Some of the poems reflect childhood fantasies, some are militant, a few have a power of imagery that is overwhelming. "Concert in the Old School Garret" begins to describe an old piano, but ends by describing the most terrible concert of all:

Under the closed eyes, another person sits,
Under the closed eyes, he seeks among the keys
As among the veins through which the blood flows softly
When you kiss them with a knife

Jerry Richard teaches at Fresno State College. His first novel will be published next year by McGraw-Hill.

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and put a song to it.

And this man yesterday cut all the veins,
Opening all the organ's stops,
Paid all the birds to sing . . .

The author must forever remain anonymous, for the poem is unsigned. Of those who signed their names to their brief creations, we know only the place and date of birth and the place and date of death, sometimes too the number of the house or barracks in which they lived at Theresienstadt. One wonders whether the guards ever saw these drawings or read these poems and, if they did, how they reacted. Could children and art ever move an S.S. man to tears? The answer might tell us something about whatever hope there is left for the human race.

The heaviest wheel rolls across our foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside our memories.

Mif, 1944

The Facts of Life

CHILDREN AND THE THREAT OF NUCLEAR WAR. Prepared by Child Study Association of America. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 148 pp. $3.50.

Stanley Milgram
Alexandra Milgram

The nuclear threat bears certain distinctive marks that set it apart from other perils. First, it is extremely difficult to assign a probability to its occurrence. In this sense it resembles a natural disaster, such as an earthquake or flood, but it differs from natural calamities in its total dependence on human decision. Moreover, nuclear danger is *unimaginable.* Nothing in the parent's experience equips him to answer a child who asks: "How many people will be hurt?" or "Will we be safe?" Finally, the threat is all encompassing: it can happen any day and in any location. Children cannot be warned to stay away from nuclear holocaust as they might be admonished to keep their distance from deep water or barking dogs. The singular nature of nuclear threat, declares Sybelle Escalona in the introductory essay to this volume, requires a special set of guidelines.

To avoid the issue is simply to allow chance, street talk and the child's fantasies to take charge of the answers. The child senses when others are tense and upset. By encouraging discussion the parent fosters understanding of the reality of the world predicament, which may not be as bleak as the child imagines. The form and content of the parent's approach must necessarily shift with the increasing capacity of the child to deal with complex issues and to cope with his own inner terrors. It is unwise to tell more than the child is interested in knowing, and from the ages of 4 to 6, the parent needs to provide, above all, reassurance. Even at this early age, however, the parent can support a basic sense of reason and dignity in human affairs that is intelligible to the youngster.

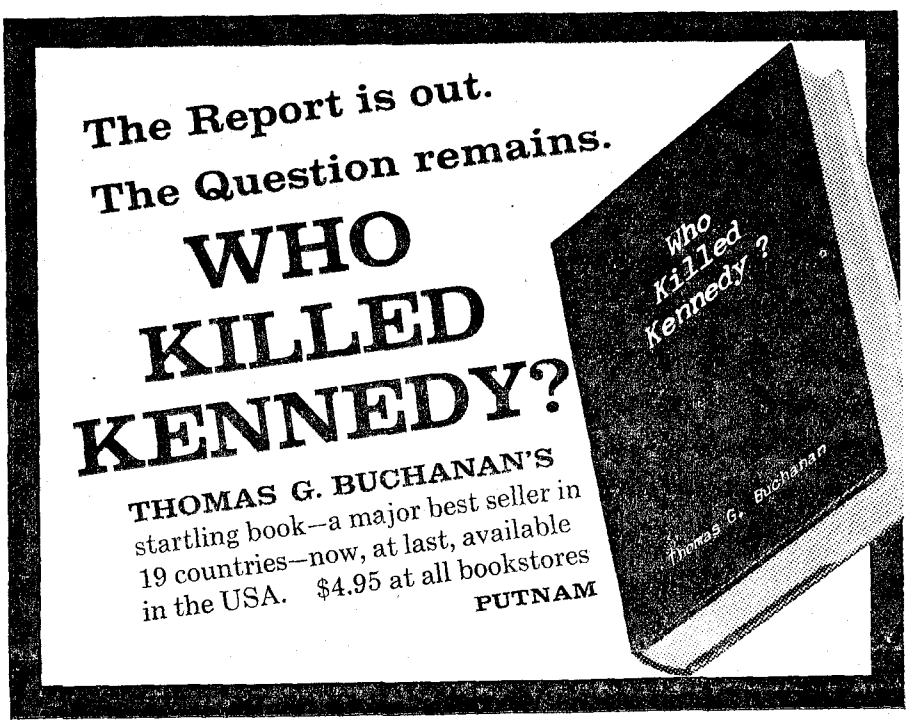
A literal-mindedness and a capacity to distort the meaning of words occur often in the 6-to-12-year-old group. It is harmless enough when the 8-year-old implores the Lord to "lead me not into Penn Station," but a similar distortion of meaning in the atomic vocabulary can result in unnecessary terror for the confused boy or girl. However unpleasant the word "fallout," it does not actually signify that arms, legs and fingernails are literally falling out of their bodily placements. Adults must be deliberate in their choice of words and dispel misunderstandings. The realities behind such words are bad enough without being embroidered with the concocted horrors of imaginative young minds.

Active participation by the parents in organizations devoted to peace is a source of reassurance to the child. "A good way of supporting children against fear-arousing aspects of the situation is to explain in some detail the positive goals for which their parents work." Whether or not they display manifest interest in the ongoing discussion, children absorb the attitudes of their parents, and these attitudes ought to be considered, informed, and linked to responsible action.

This is the gist of the thesis presented by the Child Study Association of America, and the basic message is contained in the opening essay of Dr. Sybelle Escalona. Indeed, Escalona's essay contains the only explicit advice on instructing children; the remaining sections consist of documents and reports intended to inform the parent on related aspects of the nuclear threat. Among the documents are reports of the Federal Radiation Council on radiation hazards, a critique of the report, an account of the fallout shelter controversy, and the text of the nuclear test-ban treaty.

Those who doubt that young minds are concerned with problems of nuclear war find corrective evidence in Milton Schwebel's chapter, "What Do

Stanley Milgram is assistant professor of Social Psychology at Harvard University. Alexandra Milgram, his wife, is a psychiatric social worker.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Air: Baltimore Oriole

CONSIDER OUR EYES, THOSE BRIGHT GLOBES that stand out in
our faces like some unlikely stones, burning, in a soft soil.

the lines in our faces
talk for us, that: i'd knit
the lights of our eyes to make
a proper fabric to roll you in.

in firelight expose
the raw flesh under,
as a day the eyes provide.

will night in any light come
bright to us? anything living
be visible, held in our fingers
& tasted on our tongues?

& vernacular become a loveless habit?

A. B. Spellman

After the first kiss —

I talk of love, next to her, on a narrow
Couch. She seeks no passion. Tomorrow,
She thinks, I can forget this furor.

"Stone cold I will make my rage for you,
Bone dry is the center of my universe.
Gone from you I must be, from your fire.

For eight years I sat at some man's table
And still feel his. All other men seem feeble.
You spoke to me of an inner rubble?

I have taken a married man for lover;
Night and day we deceive his wife, and the
Brights of my eyes never grow dim.

I never expect too much, and I revel
In the detachment." I turn to her fine oval
Face, and suggest my love.

Michael J. Phillips

Wetland Dawn

The paling abruptly there, in the northeast
a loosening of stars.
The sea stretching
moving out
wind lays down on it
a long sword.

Jetties bloom
on the wave, against green gathering
blue shoals
lifting
into the isolated darknesses, of
barnacle iridescence,
crevices snaking
underfoot, & mysterious
tideline shifts
in phosphor, mica,
carbon black.

Facing east through many nights
darkness behind me
I've watched
that light up there like a snowstorm
where no light should be
but clear
stars

Full dawn on a heavy sea. Sunlight
cinnamon inches underwater.
Gulls keep off the surf
Waves hook
into each other break
stuttering. An autobody rocks
eaten to the frame
seawater in windpipe
cold in the tailcrease

Allen Planz

The Lit Glass

The eyes are like pieces of glass, turning,
reflecting everything and nothing,
and he talks about the light wild-
ly, throws the cup and saucer against the wall.
They break into pieces of lit glass. On the floor
they're perfectly still and look like

they are singing one memory, a song, the same song
they sing and sing and sing.

But he is there, still, inside some controlled edge.
I try talking to him, hopelessly, but to him.
I don't know what to do, or to say.
No, he says. That's not it.

Help Help Help he says by just sitting there.

And I can feel it — the flowing
life glow of him like a cut glass painfully
reflecting the light.
Only the dark flowing flows untroubled.

And then waiting at the asylum he tasted bird seed, from the bird cage.
The nurse, resigned-like, says 'Doctor,
he's eating bird seed.'

And the jewelled eyes glance at her like a reflection.
The dark lit flowing turns into itself freely.

Richard Duerden

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They Think About Nuclear War?" Schwebel studied 3,000 students from junior and senior high schools on the East coast. A noteworthy finding is that bright children are consistently more optimistic about the prospect for peace than dullards; Schwebel conjectures that the more intelligent child is aware of means available for constructive programs for peace.

Some readers will find the grade-school quality of some of the selections boring or even irritating. But the book is directed toward ordinary parents who are interested in learning more about the implications of nuclear threat for their children. An air of good sense prevails, and no attempt is made to spell out an exact formula with which to indoctrinate the child of the nuclear age.

Of course, no parent, however well intentioned and informed, can counteract the total context in which his child grows up. If television depicts violence freely, if toy stores are filled with miniature SAC bombers, a few words of reassurance will not be sufficient. And here, in the general atmosphere in which the child grows up, lies a danger. There is no game played by children that does not in the long run become adult reality. The child plays at doctor and his generation will have its share of physicians. Girls are groomed for motherhood through early experience with dolls. The recruit of 18 or 19 does not find his rifle unfamiliar. He has played at soldier as a child, and the orders to kill, attack and bomb are as familiar and acceptable as the nostalgia of boyhood. The toy counters are ladened with gleaming bombers and plastic ICBMs. Have the children taken to new games? Do they in childish innocence play at the destruction of nations, of civilizations? Do they in a spirit of fun plot a first-strike capacity of a hundred million? One would like to believe some inner resource of morality restrains even the child from this indulgence. For child's play is not only a reflection of the adult world, it could be prophecy.

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The Swiss Behind the Colors

THE DIARIES OF PAUL KLEE, 1898-1918. Edited by Felix Klee. Translated by Pierre B. Schneider, R. Y. Zachary and Max Knight. University of California Press. 424 pp., 66 illus. $10.

A. Hyatt Mayor

Some artists lead one to expect nothing from their writings. Monet, for instance, could probably not compose one sentence worth reading. Paul Klee, on the other hand, was so literate an artist that his pictures require his captions to needle us to the full. One therefore expects his diaries to illuminate, like Delacroix's, and their publication should be a major event. To a certain extent, it is.

Klee began a diary when he was 19, and kept it, sometimes more and sometimes less, until he was 40, then stopped for the final twenty years of his life after the First World War. He numbered each entry, and when he was 33, started to revise, add data on the subsequent history of his works, and delete what he had written when he was drunk. An image so sedulously tidied up should achieve a synthetic attractiveness; yet it is hard to like this close-fisted, jeering, sexy and loveless young Swiss. He needed life's knocks to pummel him into some human shape, and he got them—from his difficulty in making a living by playing the violin when his works sold slowly, from the touching care that he took of his son while his wife earned money by giving music lessons, and from the rigor of his war service in the German army.

Most of the diary jottings are skimpy aids to recollection of places and persons; only occasionally is an event described fully enough to communicate an experience to the reader. The trips to Italy and Tunis are fairly vivid, but at 35, the shock of putting on a soldier's uniform turns him into the tense and vivid writer that one would expect from so imaginative a draftsman. Here he makes every reader share the civilian's bewilderment at the strange ways of war:

> *At the Glaspalast we are outfitted, loaded down with gear, having trouble holding onto everything, convulsively, painfully pack-saddled with greasy pieces of uniform, boots, undefinable leather objects, dragging stuff along in the mud, convicts exhibited for the curiosity of Sunday strollers, we march back. . . . I have never been so free of worries. Doing what you are ordered to do is not hard. . . . After a few drills, it really gets easier. Only those bottomless abysses called boots. The scraping of the heels. I put on my own shoes again and almost fell down when I took the first step, feeling as if I had lost my feet, but had got a head of lead.*

Rarely, too rarely, Klee shares the process of creating incessantly at work in him:

> *822. Genesis of a work: 1. Draw strictly from nature, possibly using a telescope. 2. Turn No. 1 upside down and emphasize the main lines according to your feeling. 3. Turn the drawing paper right side up again and harmonize 1 — nature, and 2 — picture. . . .*
>
> *840. First one builds an armature on which the picture is to be constructed. How far one goes beyond this armature is a matter of choice; the armature alone can make an artistic effect, a deeper effect than the surface alone.*

Klee's diaries are well worth plowing through for scattered stimulating observations: "636. Imagine you are dead: after years of exile you are allowed to cast one glance earthward. You see a lamppost and an old dog lifting his leg against it. You are moved to sobbing."

"857. Nature can afford to be prod-

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of all political tyrants—puritanical, bigoted, filled with venomous envy, murderously vindictive. These attributes spring from the hurt inflicted upon him by his poverty, his gracelessness, the scorn the socially privileged have heaped upon him.

In one brief instance Anouilh tries to absolve himself of animus toward the "Red" contingent in the Resistance by having another guest at the gathering say that he shares Bitos' political views and despises him only because of his wretched character. Still the inescapable implication of Anouilh's portrait is that most Left-oriented leaders are impelled by base motives, often kindled by frustration and the crippling of their humane instincts.

Anouilh however is "impartial" in his vilifications. If he is relentless in respect to the radicals, he is almost equally harsh with the wealthy of the Right. They are heartless with less cause. Those of the "Center" are more or less neglected. Anouilh probably regards them as featureless conformists who bend or turn with every wind. Besides a kindly woman there is only one sympathetically drawn character in the play—presumably a scion of the old nobility and therefore almost totally apolitical. Some such man Anouilh later affectionately ridiculed for his lack of realism in *The Fighting Cock*, but in *Poor Bitos* he takes him at his own value.

In a brief but striking passage, Bitos-Robespierre says to this character, Vulturne-Mirabeau, something to this effect: "You are a genius; I am second rate. I am on the side of the second rate because we are more numerous. We are France." To which the other replies: "The millions you speak of merely inhabit the country. Six hundred great men *created* France." These —the "larks" as Anouilh has called them—are the only ones who truly matter; it is they who make France (the world itself) supportable.

This is majestically false. Genius does not rise out of nothing; it represents the flower of a folk. One cannot take Anouilh seriously on this point, or believe that he takes himself seriously. But the attitude bespeaks a tendency, the subjective impulse of Anouilh's baffled spirit which resorts, when challenged, to a disclaiming grin that signifies, "I am only a man of the theatre." About this one must remark two things: first, that such men are nearly always inclined to romanticize a halcyon past and in a crisis do their utmost to avoid any kind of partisanship. Second, the pessimism to which their tension leads them is echoed by thousands of philosophically and politically frightened men everywhere who finally take refuge in some posture of comfort which usually includes this pessimism itself. This in part explains the play's fascination for so many people both in France and beyond.

Do I therefore condemn Anouilh? Not altogether. To begin with, his message is conveyed with arresting craftsmanship, and as I have often repeated, every position must find its formal expression. Then, too, this play like almost everything Anouilh has written, is the product of a subjective urge responsive to certain objective situations. Anouilh's plays reveal an individual: they have a face — something more than his considerable theatrical guile. Anouilh does not wholly despise Bitos as a warped creature; he shares some of Bitos' suffering, though little of his courage.

Anouilh would have us pity Bitos. He hardly succeeds in this. But at least in France, where after the war the audience experienced guilt, anger, self-contempt, torn as it was by all manner of internecine conflict according to class, conviction and prior behavior, the play gripped as well as discomfited the public. The French looked bad to themselves between 1945 and 1960 and *Poor Bitos* showed them their own lesions, inspiring them with both loathing and awe.

Standing apart from all this, I find the play brilliantly despicable. I dislike and admire it! It is not only extremely skillful in construction and writing; it is, as plays go nowadays, thoroughly adult. It is worth support and attack. But I fear the greater Broadway audience will find itself indifferent.

The production, directed (as in London) by Shirley Butler, is scrupulous. I find the setting burdensomely literal. The acting though authoritative and lucid—the dialogue well spoken by generally fine voices—tends to limit itself to the verbal. C. K. Alexander brings warmth to the role of Vulturne-Mirabeau. Charles D. Gray as Maxime scores by his presence. Donald Pleasance should be applauded for a performance leaning heavily on details of voice, speech, idiosyncrasy of gesture, etc.—knowingly executed—all of which makes us take more interest in the actor than in poor Bitos.

HAROLD CLURMAN

ART

DISSIMULATED POP

So many people have been bewildered by Pop art, or have been content to revile it, that its qualities and development have been quite obscured. One knows that the highly centralized Abstract Expressionism, after a vital period, began to choke on its own virtuosity around the middle fifties, and that the ideas which it originated had come to seem quite simply worked out. There appeared a moment ripe for change. We are now witnessing another such moment, but in today's polycentric situation ideas have barely begun to be explored. Never a movement, and never cohesive, but rather a sensibility, Pop art is slowly evaporating, as we are finally beginning to see, into a venturesome and incestuous *mélange* of styles that questions the very mechanics of vision and thought. To be sure, one still meets a strategy of resistance, which thwarts or postpones the perception of content, but now it is gotten up in the new guise of an *entente cordiale* harder and harder to label journalistically. By displacement, or magnification or discontinuity, what we called Pop art is sliding into a larger inquiry of self-concern in which the strictly *kitsch* element fades away, or becomes more transparent.

In fact, because their first line of defense—commercial imagery—is becoming more penetrable (if only through overexposure) various artists are falling back on schemata whose implications are essentially abstract. It would be as irrelevant now to identify Pop art by its subject, as it would current abstraction by a contained formal structure. Acting as conventions which may lock into place some equivocation between object and canvas, or some imbalance of color or illusion that overwhelms the senses, subjects and structure in recent works of art have been subverted by their own self-contradictions. That is, we do not approach the significance of the work by means of its conventions, but rather *through* those conventions, or despite

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them. As in Oldenburg's vinyl telephones or French fries, the quality of the material is simultaneously denied —in its familiarity—and affirmed by its unexpectedness in its new circumstances. If you cannot distinguish between the conventional and the explorative in such artifacts, it is because the process of displacement keeps them both openended. Under such conditions, in which the identities of the work of art are refashioned before one's very eyes, social commentary becomes by comparison a trivial by-product.

Magnification has been another catalyst in this aesthetic reaction, though in one sense to aggrandize the scale of things and images is another way of displacing them. By such means, the idea was to make everything in the real world quite out of the ordinary by radically disturbing the size relationships between object and viewer, or at least the context in which they were understood. In Rosenquist and Wesselman, art has the quality of gigantic still life. But in fact the larger you expand the image, the less does it seem commensurable and objectlike, and the more it takes on the accouterments of an environment. Here, a distinction has to be made between the older and more familiar happenings and environments—which consisted of agglomerations of smallish objects—and a new development which inflates only two or three painted images to such a scale as to insinuate a landscape feeling into the underlying still-life orientation. I am not, of course, speaking about traditional genres, but about modes of visual statement, whose dynamics have much to do with the way we interpret and accommodate works of art to our experience. The point of interest about the superimposition of landscape upon still life in Pop art is not merely that the integrity of signs and objects is diminished, but that such diminution registers a greater quotient of abstraction.

Something of the kind must be said to have taken place in the work of Roy Lichtenstein, whose present show at the Castelli is an eye opener on several counts. This perpetrator of snarling pilots, lachrymose girls from *True Romance*, household appliances and six-shooters, all portrayed through the lineaments of elephantine comic strips, has changed his art literally, as well as psychologically, to the transcription of landscape.

To be sure, one sees certain continuities between the old and the new Lichtenstein. The same detached, almost anesthetized psychological tone rules both phases of his work, just as the simulated photoengraving dots and hard outlines of the earlier work have not been abandoned in the later. And, if anything, the change in theme only underscores this artist's fundamentally static conceptual approach, in which ultra-corny motifs (here they are blood-red sunsets and stratified light rays) are played off against his insistence that the fiercely mechanized and amplified components of the style afford new sensations in their own right. Still and all, one cannot shift or rearrange the pressure of previously given conventions as radically as here without affecting content, and Lichtenstein seems poised for some drastically new pictorial embarkation.

When it first came to notice, this art was like a depilatory agent for Abstract Expressionism, expunging brushiness as tonically and painfully as a quick rip of a bandage off human flesh. Now, however, a stubble has come up and Lichtenstein is oddly cultivating it. The tonal passages of his compositions have been gradually accentuated so that the pictures almost come to have a matter and opacity and a tactile variety which they previously lacked. But this impression is misleading, if a glance, say, at his "Impressionist Landscape" is any indication. One seems to be looking here through the physical interference of some back-door screen at a lake vista with distant shore. But the actual landscape is pressed onto the forming dots —is, in fact, indissoluble from them, which makes the canvas ground behind an illimitable blank space. Because one expects some form of illusion in a landscape subject, Lichtenstein's refusal to use his pointillism metaphorically, as would a Neo-Impressionist, for example, catches the spectator short. Here is an instance in which one has to override the pictorial context. Then, too, puzzlement is all the more elicited by the fluctuation of dots (single blue points on white ground or round clusters of blue disks with white holes) which suggests the way photoengraving reconstitutes illusionist renditions, but which in this work is merely a neutral spread— flat and surface-affirming.

The Castelli show, therefore, reveals an abrasive moment of tension in the career of Pop art. The demands of light, nuance, atmosphere—which are the properties of landscape—are put in opposition to the mechanical codes of commercial reproduction, enlarged so as to lose a great deal of their specificity. (It is another form of displacement, bracketed by the larger principle of Lichtenstein's art.) If the artist were to go "forward," he would lose the intractable, schematic consistency which made his art so uncompromising. But he would gain a chromatic and spatial richness that would conceivably be more accessible as a visual experience. If, however, he retains his basically simplistic armature, the opportunities present in landscape will not be availed of, and the whole motif will seem increasingly gratuitous or arbitrary. Lichtenstein is not the kind of artist who can make an explicitly ironic foil between form and subject. As can be seen, his is a choice of reformulating conventions: in this case of swinging the focus of attention from contour to center, and from rigidity to flexibility.

For myself, the preference is clear. Confronted by those heartless and florid re-creations of comics, those evenly stressed, armor-plated figurations, I have never been able to deny enough of my manipulative will to make them mean anything in human terms. It is not so much that they were without humor or affect, but that they demanded an intellectual and emotional submission which, however pliable modern art has made me, were not within reach. In short, Lichtenstein needs viewers who can minimize their ego. (This is, of course, not to deny the cultural fact that literary parallels to Lichtenstein's art, such as the cult of the object in the new French novel, or the "Theatre of the Absurd," make him seem very contemporary.) But now, a tentative loosening-up, in which his previously separate bald reds and yellows and blues are coming together more intimately, suggests a certain kind of *moiré* porosity which will allow the eye to wander and to shape optical relations, despite being a little bruised in the process. In his future, one can almost see an interesting harsh refinement.

Something, perhaps, of the opposite impulse is happening to the work of Jim Dine, whose show at the Janis Gallery is concurrent with Lichtenstein's. Dine has never been exactly aligned with the Pop artists, yet it has also not been possible to dissociate him from them too easily. His pastose paintings have always owed a frank debt, or, more likely, have paid

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outright homage to, Abstract Expressionism—all the while parading themselves in the simulacra of bathroom walls, tool chests, or wardrobes. In his vision, every inch of canvas has to "be" or mean something other than itself. Considering his sources, such peccadilloes have seemed a bit childish, and for this I don't think he has generally been forgiven, either by those who consider his work a belated retention of an outmoded style, or a disrespectful mimicry of a great one. Yet Dine's caricatural relation to action painting had been the most enduring Pop element in his work, in no way less honorable than Lichtenstein's primitivizing way with comic strips. It has just taken people a little longer to realize the subtle idea that brush strokes can be just as deceiving a convention to mask out a concern for the identity of the work of art as billboard or mail-order illustrations. This, at any rate, was the base upon which Dine had ordered his art, up to his recent palette series. But these nostalgic, lushly made gestures have suddenly been overshadowed in turn by sharply drawn and flatly colored renderings of bathrobes or strange gridded compositions of colored squares. By this incorporation of vocabulary from present abstraction, Dine, in his own manner symptomizes the unmooring of Pop art, even if he is moving toward the physical idiom from which Lichtenstein himself is slowly inching away.

Stylistically, then, there is no consensus; but conceptually, one feels a greater rapport among the artists, if only in their chafing agreement to pry apart the causal processes of their art. Dine, for instance, has ventured out on ice as thin as Lichtenstein's by his highly compressive and schematic new imagery which risks being taken for what it seems to be: illustrations from a cut-out book which have been blown up and ornamented with adjacent logs, axes, strings and hooks. He had been much safer, but also more obvious, in his earlier mimetic quotes from a dozen differing visual presentations, ranging from Abstract Expressionism to graffiti to textbook diagrams. Both artists, in fact, had been shameless paraphrasers: an activity which is no longer as literally attractive or as useful as it once was. But Dine, the more excitable and changeable figure, was so much more able to inject a personal, emotional element into his works (e.g., affectionately viewed household objects), that his metaphors could be more farfetched and philosophical. Thus, for example, a razor cuts a swath of paint, a drawing of a clenched hand emerges behind a metal rod standing for a cane (whose real shadow conflicts with a false painted shadow) and painted polka dots (cf., Lichtenstein) are found next to a polka-dotted dress which makes them look like snow flakes falling in the night. In one poetic stroke, Dine shows that natural deductions and visual similarities, when encouraged, are entirely deceiving. Where Lichtenstein switches circuits on only one or two levels, Dine dances over every conceivable simile, evokes ever more fallacious connections, and forces one to judge relations between objects and paint strokes in ways that totally befuddle or reverse the notion of movement and matter in the worlds of art and life.

Not merely because such devices camouflage the rational, but because they are so transparent about it, do they become Dine's equivalent of conventions. No one is more double-faced, casuist, ironic or more normative in all these things than this artist. He is at once a landscape and still-life painter, as well as inseparably spontaneous and mechanistic as a paint handler. In fact, what is most intractable about this wily creature is his refusal to stay at any one point, and his irremediable fusions of opposites.

In his view of 20th-century art—and it extends all the way back to synthetic Cubism—creation is a process of recombining functions and packaging knowledge in ever denser, more economical units. The show at the Janis Gallery, in this respect, is entirely transistorized. Even when Dine has hardened his manner of seeing, as most recently, he is incorrigibly metaphorical. Irate color-field abstraction or optical art enters his work implausibly in the form of a bathrobe or Red Devil color chart. It is typical of him that he tones down a physical belligerence in order to emphasize a conceptual provocation. Sometimes he will even juxtapose two of his highly summarized motifs, as in the color chart through which a ghostly palette form is partially visible. He diminishes his cues, and yet relies all the more strongly on them for recollection.

I can work with all these conflicts, even though I realize that they advertise themselves as snares for credulity, and that they constantly demand ever more information to be legible. As Lichtenstein moves toward sensibility and feeling, Dine approaches a kind of history-laden form of expression. In fact, the symbolical and associational structure of his works (as distinct from their unassuming formal presence), is so complex, that the experience of the overall show is nervous and burdensome as much as it is exhilarating. But, above all, I'll remember this exhibition thankfully for the way it deflates good intentions and teaches, in its spirit of mockery, that high seriousness is perhaps not all that appropriate as a judge of art. At least, it would be pleasurable to think so.

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FILMS

THE EVIL MEN DO

Francois Truffaut, who is the intellectual and cinematic trickster of the French young guard, turns his tables in *The Soft Skin* by telling a perfectly straight tale of the wages of sin. His camera work sparkles as always with abrupt cuts and syncopated motion, keeping the action trimmed down to essentials in the manner of the best elliptical prose. And his flair for personality gives substance and individuality to the cast right down to an actor whose only assignment is to pass another actor on the stairs.

But his trick this time is to set in motion a classic triangle situation and then, against our expectations of a sophisticated twist, carry it through to the conventional ending. The tension in his story comes from the disparity between the relative triviality of the people concerned and the absolute denouement at which they arrive. It is a disparity one often senses in the domestic melodramas that make the headlines: how do such commonplace people get themselves involved in such catastrophic messes?

The husband in this case (Jean Desailly) is a publisher-man of letters; he runs a one-man press and does a good deal of lecturing on fashionable literary subjects. This Lachenay is a pompous, softly ruthless man; he has a philanderer's soul, but one gathers that caution has kept him an approximately model husband. On a trip to Spain, however, opportunity and boredom spur him to action and he finds himself possessed of the cool, young and lovely stewardess of his plane south (Francoise Dorleac). If Lachenay were in real need of lusty female companionship, his own wife (Nelly Benedetti) offers more passion than the pale girl on whose account he now invents reasons for not being at home nights. In point of fact, his emotional fabric seems to have gone a bit suety; he may find relief in an erotic playfulness scarcely offered by his wife's tempestuous responses.

Like most "respectable" lechers, Lachenay is a deplorable lover; he thinks up assignations that, presumably safe, turn out to be sordid or ludicrously awkward. He doesn't really approve of his girl's bachelor attitude toward sex, and she in turn grows weary of a lover whose preoccupation is with his own reputation. The girl leaves him, the wife tumbles to his game (she would have forgiven his unfaithfulness; she will not endure his hectoring lies) and he ends with a charge of bird shot in his stomach.

There is real elegance to *The Soft Skin;* it lies in Truffaut's acid portrait of a smug trimmer cut down by the perfectly straightforward behavior of two women he thought no match for his charm or brains.

Les Abysses is the first picture to be directed by Nico Papatakis, a Paris night-club impresario who is said to have an exceedingly smart clientele. The film is endorsed, somewhat intimidatingly, by Sartre, Genet, de Beauvoir, André Breton, Jacques Prevert and others. Even so. . . .

The script is derived from a real murder that seized the French imagination some thirty years ago, and is said to have supplied Genet with the idea for *The Maids.* That play is a masterpiece of psychological mystification; the picture seems to be merely psychologically confused. The problem is to find some common ground between the action and the motivations behind it. Are we dealing with wickedness or stupidity? It is no answer to say that, morally, they come to much the same thing; in the theatre you have to find a level of communication.

I think I understand the two maids (played, incidentally, by Francine and Colette Berge, sisters in real life as well as on the screen). They are girls of limited intelligence and dubious mental stability, who have been subjected to virtual peonage by their impecunious employers, and who know no way to retaliate except by the most extreme destructiveness and the most provocative insolence. Insofar as they reason at all, they tell each other that they can prevent the sale of the property and thus save themselves from ejection into the world. But reason has little hold on them; they feign madness until the madness seizes them.

The behavior of the employers is what baffles me. They remind me of nothing so much as those unhappy foils who used to fall prey to the Marx Brothers. At one point the father of the house, a small round man, leaps into the air in a spasm of frustration and lands facing in the opposite direction. The family wades in wine, ducks flying crockery, suffers gross personal indignities, and states repeatedly that the tomfoolery must stop on the instant or serious consequences will ensue. Meanwhile the house is being pulled to pieces about their ears. This is the very stuff of slapstick, with the maids improvising Walpurgis diversions through a very long night devoted to preparing a feast of pancakes (literally).

The grotesque quality of horror may be real enough, but feckless horror will scarcely work. I kept wondering how the situation could possibly have reached the point described in the film, given that the contestants on one side were manifest ninnies. It takes character of a certain resolution to drive a couple of girls so mad that they will beat you to death, and I suspect that in the actual case the owners of the house were a tough crew. In the film they are M. Tartarin and family, and murder does not fit that company. Consequently, the film feels terribly pumped up—picturesque violence at the expense of plausibility.

As for the acting, it is all howls and grimaces and peeking from behind things; I've been as frightened by the neighbors' kids on Halloween.

The very best machinery of the British thriller is employed in *Seance on a Wet Afternoon,* in which Kim Stanley plays a medium bent on kidnaping, for the purest of occult motives, and Richard Attenborough is her compliant husband. This is, within the framework of entertainment, a frightening picture; you have to keep reminding yourself that nothing very dreadful is going to happen, since the British don't use real blood for their fun and games.

It is a fault of the picture that it seems to aspire to a profundity it cannot afford. Thus, a lot of time is spent on moody close-ups and on building a complex set of motivations that don't go with the snatch-and-ransom formula. If one took it seriously, the picture would collapse into matchwood of coincidence and absurdly pat abnormal psychology.

Miss Stanley conveys wonderfully the brisk, no-nonsense bossiness of the more than slightly nutty, and Mr. Attenborough manages to make you accept the fact that an utterly wife-broken man can act with almost witty despatch and resourcefulness when carrying out a dangerous crime. The actors play with absolute seriousness, which is right. If only Bryan Forbes had directed and edited with his tongue a little in his cheek *Seance* might have been one of the top British thrillers. Even under his somewhat heavy hand, it makes an engrossing two hours.

ROBERT HATCH

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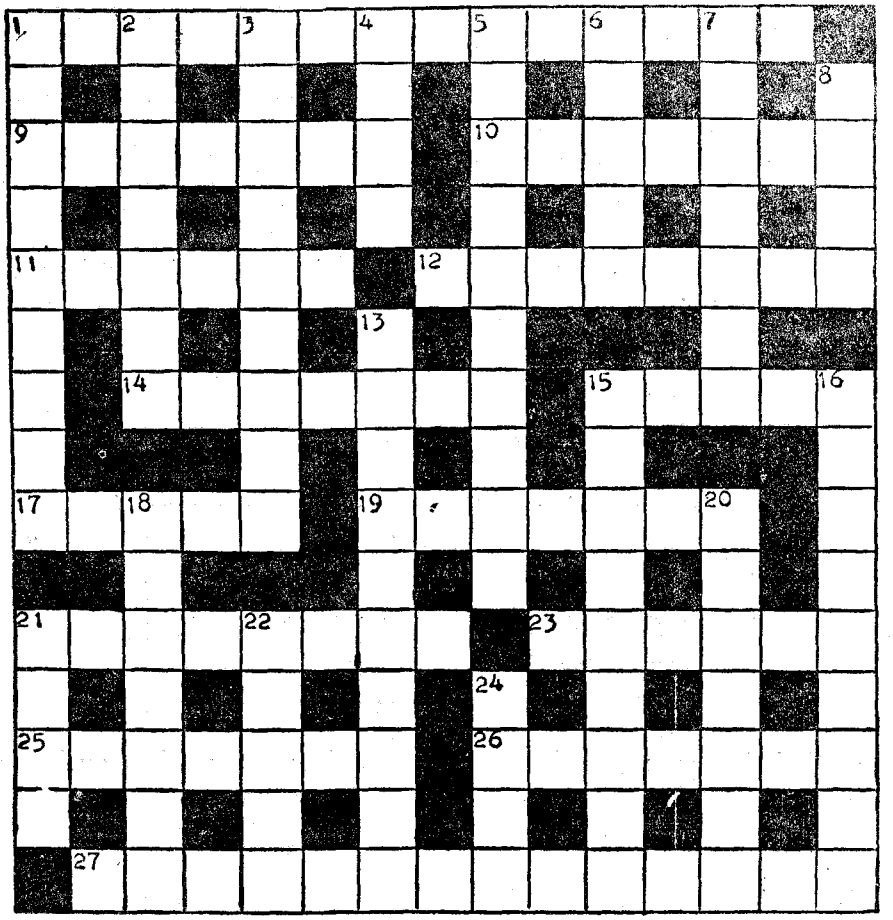
Crossword Puzzle No. 1082

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What the old innkeeper did goes to sound his former position. (9, 5)
9 and 13 down The one with which Sampson slew a thousand? (1, 4, 2, 10)
10 and 27 Where the young might be expected to pull a literary bloomer? (1, 6, 6, 2, 6)
11 and 4 down The handle of the starter, or just the driving force?
12 No crossing when one does. (Stock might be so different!) (8)
14 A rather submissive way of getting dues out of it? (7)
15 One of those associated with a famous line of maternal-filial association. (5)
17 One shouldn't object to such a hang-over, but drop the end to listen in. (5)
19 Fashion in a suit appropriate for the country. (7)
21 Somewhat like Tennyson's echoes?
23 See 24 down
25 One might consider it as being a port in the country next to 19. (7)
26 Even soldiers might appear in it.
27 See 10 across

DOWN:

1 Voters have his in a foreign land.
2 and 22 down What one expects with 1 across when the fare is included? (4, 3, 5)
3 With experience, these might cut quite a figure. (3, 6)
5 Figuring out what might be in a double gin and soda? (10)
6 Where Masefield's quinquireme came from. (5)
7 Turns to dust, as those who gave shape to something. (7)
8 They might be dangerous, in the manner of a few extra words. (4)
13 See 9 across
15 Isn't that just like a man? (9)
16 Satan and Beelzebub, if you're talking about the old one. (9)
18 Over and above, it shows where some used to like to sit. (7)
20 Henry recommended imitating tigerish ones. (7)
21 Such people were evidently moveable in Rome. (4)
22 See 2 down
24 and 23 across Rap smartly, however with quite a load on. (Link an alternative to it, possibly.) (4, 6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1081

ACROSS: 1 Level-headed; 9 Pantheon; 10 Reeked; 12 Flat-top; 14 and 4 Behindhand; 15 Handball; 17 Bath mats; 20, 24 and 11 Corned beef and cabbage; 22 Compare; 26 Stereo; 27 Exorcise; 28 Astigmatism. DOWN: 2 Establish; 3 Emerge; 5 and 23 April in Paris; 6 Evert; 7 Garage; 8 Recoil; 13 Chest; 16 Bare facts; 18 Agouti; 19 A priori; 20 Cheroot; 21 Ernest; 25 Ream.

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